

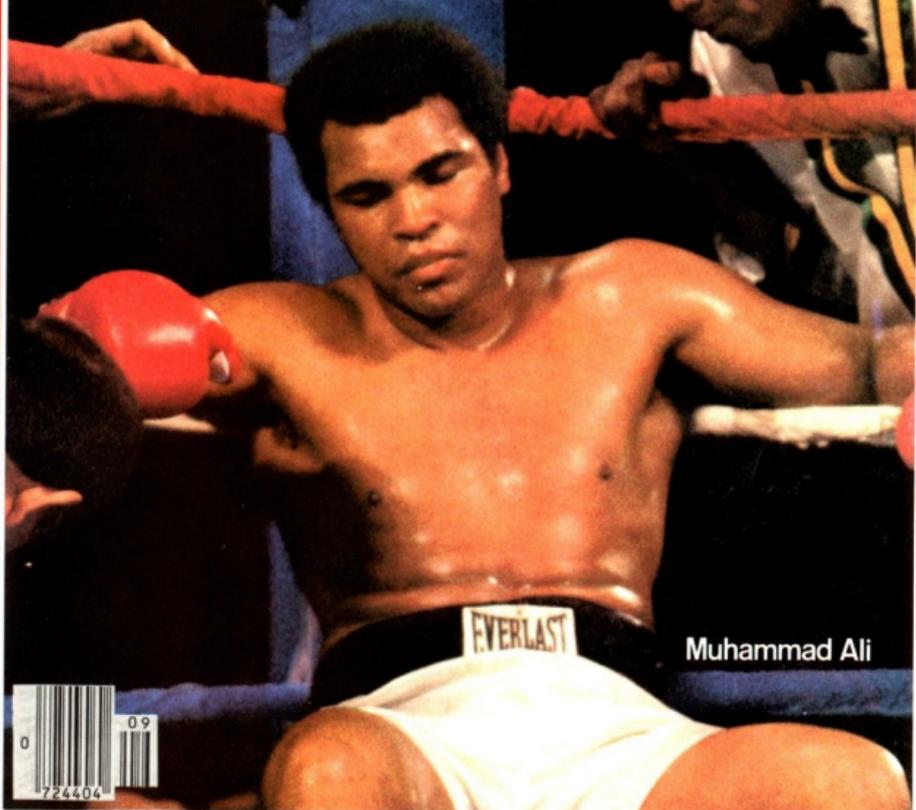
FEBRUARY 27, 1978

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TIME

Much Ado About
Haldeman

'The Greatest' Is Gone



Muhammad Ali



09

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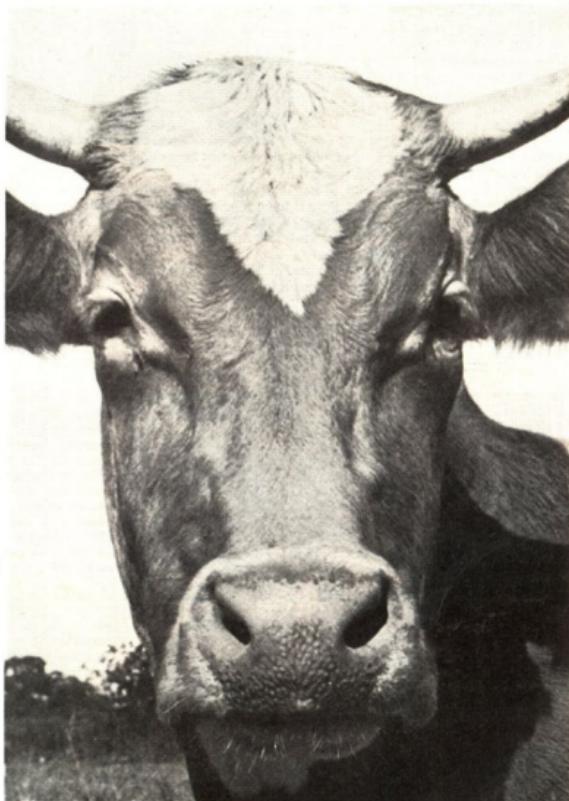
Mrs. O'Leary's cow, so it goes, kicked over a kerosene lamp in a shed on De Koven Street. The resulting holocaust destroyed nearly one third of Chicago.

Calamitous events have a way of starting small and spreading fast. The closing of one factory can put a whole town out of action. Without jobs, people can't be customers...without customers, local business suffers...as the tax base dwindles, municipal government feels the strain...

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A Letter from the Publisher

This is the story about a man. With iron fists and a beautiful tan. He talks a lot and boasts indeed. Of a powerful punch and blinding speed." So wrote Muhammad Ali in his autobiographical verse. But when San Francisco Correspondent James Wilde went to see Ali for our cover story, the fighter did not want to elaborate on his career. Ali told Wilde: "Let me stay a mystery. I just don't want to talk about fights any more." Wilde began to finger a set of Middle Eastern worry beads that he has carried as a good-luck charm ever since he covered the region in 1961. Ali quickly noticed the beads—and talked for two hours, giving Wilde one of the few exclusive fight interviews.

A veteran correspondent who covered Ho Chi Minh, Charles de Gaulle and Mao, Wilde had never before seen a world heavyweight title bout. Reports Wilde: "Being with Ali is like being in a cage with a Bengal tiger. You never know what he is going to say or do." While Wilde was working in Las Vegas, Reporter Peter Ainslie was gathering information on Ali from boxing figures in the East.

When Ali lost, Wilde was reminded of another defeat he had witnessed: "It brought back memories of the Foreign Le-

gion leaving Viet Nam in 1954 in tanks and the conquering Viet Minh coming in on foot." Adds Wilde: "Ali was too old. He bled, but he left with honor. He's got that quality of the immortals that fought in Troy. He's an Ajax."

Sadat's initiative created a deep division in the Arab world and resulted in his breaking diplomatic relations with all but one of these countries (choose one): A) Syria, B) Iraq, C) Libya, and D) Morocco. This is one of 100 questions that constitute the 44th annual TIME Current Affairs Test, which has been distributed during the past month to schools across the U.S., Canada and Europe. (The correct answer: D.)

Thanks to the Time Education Program, TIME is weekly reading for more than 150,000 students, who receive the magazine at reduced rates, and their teachers, who are provided with free monthly teaching units. For a copy of the test, write Time Test, Room 30-66, Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. To cover handling, please enclose 50¢ for each test.

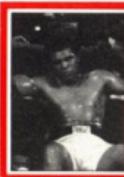


Correspondent James Wilde interviewing Ali

Ralph P. Davidson

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Cover: Photograph by Curt Gunther—Camera 5



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Cover: For 14 years, he was the dominant figure in sports—charming and disputation, fascinating and overly loquacious. Last week an era ended when Muhammad Ali lost his title to Leon Spinks. See SPORT.



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Nation: Jimmy Carter appeals for a settlement of the eleven-week coal strike. ► The President also underscores his dedication to human rights abroad. ► A new book offers evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was a Soviet spy.



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Watergate: H.R. Haldeman suggests in *The Ends of Power* that Richard Nixon personally launched the Watergate operation, was in on the cover-up from the first and erased 18½ minutes of a tape showing his complicity.

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U.S.-Israeli relations hit a new low over our sale of warplanes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia and over Jerusalem's settlements in occupied lands.

► Rhodesia's Ian Smith announces a formula for black majority rule; many guerrillas reject it. ► A look, in color, at the struggle over the Horn of Africa.

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At age 19, Shaun Cassidy, David's too-good-to-be-true kid brother, is the new fave-rave heartthrob of the pre-teen set.

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Dulles analyzes the cold war's First Family. ► *Show* covers another cold war—between man and precipitation.

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Obsessed with cycles, Americans make bio-rhythm a profitable pseudoscience. ► Problem students learn about stress.

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Child snatching by separated or divorced parents is a growing problem. But would a new federal statute help solve it?

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An enzyme extracted from the bountiful papaya encourages a migration to Canada. ► Three medical advances.

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Spokesong captures the fury and fantasy of Northern Ireland. ► In a Manhattan cabaret, a sizzling tribute to Fats Waller.

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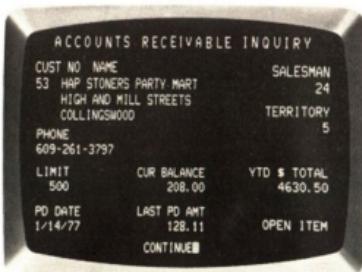
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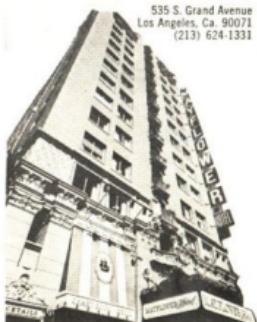
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Letters

The CIA's Place

To the Editors:

President Carter and certain Congressmen, obsessed by civil rights and aided by sensation-ridden media, have restricted the FBI and CIA [Feb. 6] so severely that these agencies are crippled in warning the U.S. of impending danger.

Louis R. Delmontico
Wichita, Kans.

Your confessional on the damage done to the CIA and our intelligence community is several years late. Where was

on a country road, I think the postal service should be given a chance to have a look or two.

Tony Guerra
Englewood, Ohio

Monkeys and Experiments

The article on rhesus monkeys being used in radiation experiments is appalling! India has decided to ban further shipment of rhesus monkeys to the U.S. [Feb. 6], but what of the fate of animals from other sources? God gave man a wonderful gift—the ability to feel compassion. Unfortunately, science is rapidly making man into a robot, devoid of feeling.

(Mrs.) Jane R. Lang
Baltimore

The question is not how long it will take the U.S. to produce an adequate supply of home-grown rhesus monkeys, but how long it will take the U.S. (and the rest of the world) to legislate and enforce controls concerning the humane use of animals with nervous systems capable of registering pain.

Karen Nelson
Berlin

The Black Vote

In your article "Wooing the Black Vote" [Jan. 30] you quote G.O.P. Chairman Brock as saying, "There's no alternative. To survive, we must do it."

This remark gives one the impression that if the G.O.P. had an alternative to courting the blacks in return for their votes, then they might continue on without "wooing" them.

Michael P. Hogue
Pittsfield, Mass.

this wisdom when the injuries were being inflicted?

Frank Powell
Florence, Ala.

In the world of intelligence, it is whether you win or lose and not how you play the game that counts.

Marie Sullivan
Los Angeles

Among agencies working to protect American lives and freedom, it seems that the CIA is the most vital.

Helen Vitikas
Youngstown, Ohio

The old adage, "The difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys," applies more to your CIA cover story than anything I've seen or read in a long time.

Robert M. Fineman
Salt Lake City

When an American agency uses the same tactics that you attribute to the KGB, it makes our protestations of freedom as empty as those of any dictatorship.

Mark H. Kernes
Philadelphia

If the spy plane SR-71 with its filming equipment can cover more than 150 sq. mi. so precisely as to locate a mailbox

I can't believe men like Editor Herman Obermayer really exist! After the debasement of a rape attack itself, he wants to humiliate the woman even more by printing her name in the paper [Jan. 30]. Women are just beginning to talk about and deal with rape; he'll set us back 20 years.

Would he print it if his wife or daughter were raped?

Gloria Stripe
Waukegan, Ill.

It is a pity that people like Obermayer victimize others in the name of justice. If he is truly interested in protecting the accused in a rape case, Obermayer should omit both names from his articles.

Jeanne Arfanis
Ithaca, N.Y.

Are men any less embarrassed than women when their names are published in rape cases? Some of these men are innocent (and some women perjurers). Publish the names of both sexes. According



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Letters

to feminist rhetoric and my idea of justice, what's good for the gander is also good for the goose.

R.E. Johannes
Kaneohe, Hawaii

The Canal Debate

I hate to see all the Senators agonizing over how to vote on the Panama Canal treaty [Jan. 30]. A plebiscite would take the burden off their minds. If the Panamanian people are intelligent enough to decide for themselves, why can't we?

JAMES RUPPENHOF
North Olmsted, Ohio

In 1954 we effectively insisted that the British give up the Suez Canal. Are we about to ensure the enmity of the peoples of Central and South America—and have the entire world brand us as hypocrites—by opposing the Panama treaties? The treaties, perhaps slightly modified, will safeguard our interests adequately.

JAMES D.A. CLARK
Bellingham, Wash.

President Carter's speech on behalf of the Panama Canal treaties made me sad. It reminded me of Neville Chamberlain's "peace in our time" speech. Appeasement never settled anything but one's doom.

Our national interest, which includes the security of the Panama Canal, demands our refusal to fall for the Marxist rip-off these treaties represent.

LUIS ARGUELLO PAINÉ
Salem, Ore.

India and Nuclear Inspection

It is not true that Prime Minister De-sai refused to allow inspection of nuclear facilities making use of U.S. nuclear exports as your story on President Carter's visit to India says [Jan. 16]. What he has so far declined to do is to accept the condition—considered by the President to be essential to recover some of the ground lost in recent years—that the U.S. will send nuclear exports to states that have no nuclear weapons only if they agree to international inspection of *all* their nuclear facilities. A big difference.

The other point to be noted is your suggestion that export of light-water reactors to Iran is somehow in conflict with Carter's policy. The Carter policy (as approved by the House) favors the expanded use of light-water reactors and provides that the U.S. should give assurances to its customers of a continued supply of fuel—thus, it is hoped, helping to deter other countries from going the dangerous breeder and plutonium route.

JOEL B. BINGHAM, Congressman
Twenty-Second District, N.Y.
Washington, D.C.

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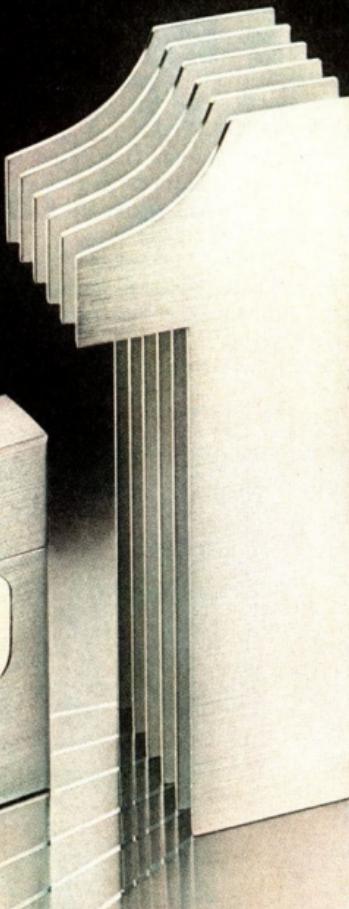
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Third, as a group these all-new 1978 models show an impressive 34% fuel-economy improvement over 1975 models, based on EPA figures. And that's the kind of value you can easily appreciate.

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So, look. If you want value in your next car, you owe it to yourself to test-drive some of the most popular names in automotive history.

You'll also be following the lead of so many people who think they're the way to go for '78.



No wonder they're selling by the hundreds of thousands.

TIME/FEB. 27, 1978

Entering the Doomsday Area

Shutdowns and blackouts loom as the coal strike rumbles on

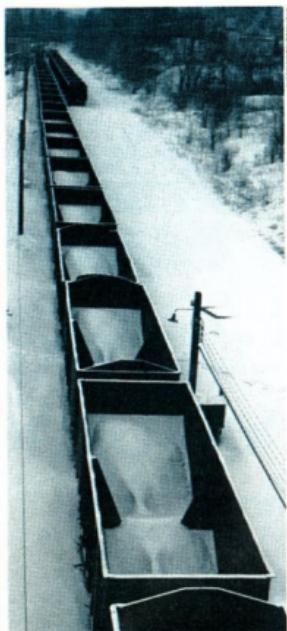
“It’s fairly clear that we’re already to some extent in the doomsday area,” So said Phillip Hughes, an Assistant Secretary in the Department of Energy and head of the federal-state task force dealing with the nation’s spreading coal shortage. Hughes was exaggerating, but there was no doubt that the coal strike, now in its third month, had become a major threat to the U.S. economy.

Emphasizing the urgency of the situation, President Carter brought both sides to the White House last week and pressed for a quick settlement—a rare and potentially risky presidential intervention. At week’s end, bargaining talks were jolted by union rejection of the owners’ proffered terms, and Labor Secretary Ray Marshall disclosed that a government takeover of the mines was among the worst-case scenarios being studied by the Administration. Meanwhile, Governors from the twelve Eastern-Central states most deeply hurt by the walkout arrived in Washington to coordinate their plans with the President and his energy advisers.

Big trouble lies just around the corner. When the 165,000 strikers went out on Dec. 6, most commercial customers had three-month stockpiles of coal, which they thought would be ample. Now the utilities and the industries that are dependent on coal are running low in Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee and Pennsylvania. Other states that face imminent shortages are Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Michigan. These states require at least 60,000 megawatts of power constantly, and to get it, they burn 3 million tons of coal each week. Even if the strike were to end immediately, it would take 30 days to ratify the agreement and then restore the mines to working order. Yet the strike, complicated by a fractious union that has repudiated its own leadership, shows no sign of ending. “The power is just draining away,” says an aide to Energy Secretary James Schlesinger.

Ohio, the state most dependent on coal and the hardest hit, is facing a mandatory power cutback of up to 50% for all businesses. That could lead to plant shutdowns and large layoffs. Especially threatened are Chrysler and General Motors, which depend on Ohio plants.

Indiana Governor Otis Bowen became the first to declare a state of emergency. He assigned the National Guard to escort trucks carrying coal. The Indiana public service commission proposed



Coal cars standing empty south of Pittsburgh

Helpless to act, as power drains away.

a contingency plan for reducing power when utility coal supplies get down to an emergency level.

Until there is a settlement, not much can be done to relieve the hardship. There is no easy way of distributing power from the states that have it in sufficient quantity to those that do not. The U.S. lacks a heavy-volume interconnection of grids to link utilities across the nation. Coal can be shipped by rail or truck, but not in adequate amounts.

As has been the case with previous energy shortages, states with abundant resources are not eager to share. Why should they jeopardize businesses and jobs, they reason, to bail out less efficient or more profligate neighbors? Nor can the U.S. Government coerce cooperation among

the states; it can only cajole. “We’re not czaring this one,” says a Schlesinger aide. “The states have the authority.”

The Federal Government is acting as a clearinghouse for information, however. An energy emergency center in Washington handles calls for assistance on a 24-hour basis. Federal officials in Indiana got a frantic call from the power plant in Logansport, Ind., saying that it would run out of coal in two days. The U.S. Army was enlisted to bring more than 300 tons of coal to the town from nearby Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Just two weeks ago, the strike seemed near settlement. The Bituminous Coal Operators Association and the United Mine Workers team led by President Arnold Miller had reached an agreement that called for a three-year wage increase, from \$8.11 an hour to \$10.46. But rank-and-file miners were outraged by what they took to be Miller’s capitulation on the matter of wildcat strikes, an intensely emotional issue. The pact would have allowed mineowners to penalize workers who joined a wildcat strike by requiring them to contribute \$20 a day to the U.M.W. health fund for up to ten days a month; after ten days of refusing to work, the miners’ benefits would be suspended. (If an arbitrator subsequently decided that the employer was at fault in the dispute, the miners would have to be reimbursed.)

The owners insisted on this provision because wildcat strikes cost the mines 2.5 million man-days of work last year, ten times the average for all industries. Almost as obnoxious to the miners was another contract provision, compelling them to contribute up to \$650 a year for family medical expenses; until last year, when the production-based health fund began to run in the red, the companies had paid the full cost.

Once the miners learned the details of the settlement, they wasted no time getting to Washington to protest and indeed intimidate the U.M.W. leadership. The union’s bargaining council voted down the pact, 30 to 6. When miners crowded menacingly into union headquarters, Miller, who carries a revolver, stayed away from the building for fear of his life.

At his Monday morning Cabinet meeting last week, Carter declared that the nation’s No. 1 priority was to get the

*Miller’s predecessor, Tony Boyle, 70, last week was found guilty for the second time on charges that he ordered the deaths of a rival union leader and his wife and daughter in 1969.

two sides back to the bargaining table, and the next day he threatened to resort to unnamed "stronger measures" if the talks did not quickly resume. The implication was that he might invoke the Taft-Hartley Act, which theoretically compels the strikers to return to work, but which the U.M.W. defied in three crises during the Truman Administration.

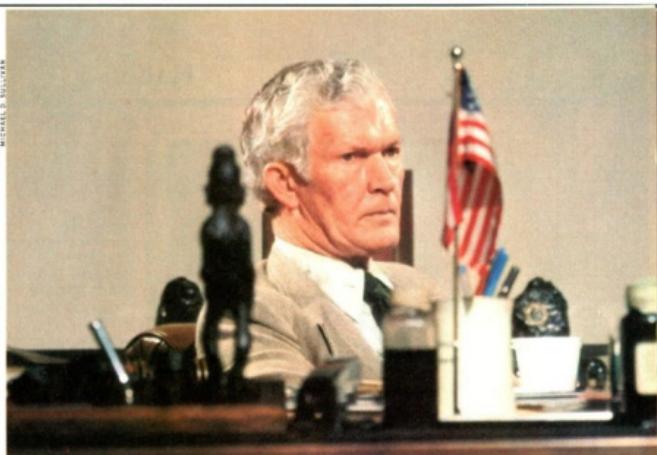
The President invited the contending parties to negotiate at the White House, but, much to his surprise, the operators brusquely turned him down. They were afraid that if they came back to negotiations, the union would reopen all the issues that had been so laboriously resolved over four months of talks. Edward Leisenring Jr., chairman of Westmoreland Coal Co. and chairman of the B.C.O.A., sent Ray Marshall a letter blistering the White House for giving in to "lawless." Wrote Leisenring: "The country should not be held hostage to any group which seizes the energy jugular."

For a few embarrassed hours, the President was stymied. But the White House soon began getting calls from worried corporation executives, many of them officers in the parent companies that own the coal mines. They told the White House that the operators' intransigence might cost them public sympathy. "It had become apparent that we were gaining public and private support," said a top White House official. "All that remained to do was let the operators know that this is not the way you play the game."

White House Press Secretary Jody Powell drafted a tough statement denouncing the B.C.O.A. for its lack of cooperation and its disregard of the national interest. Before it was issued, however, Carter asked Marshall to put in another call to Leisenring. Ten minutes later, Marshall returned smiling to the Oval Office. "They've agreed to come back in," he reported.

On Wednesday evening the two sides gathered in the Roosevelt Room of the White House to start talking again. The operators were relieved to learn that Miller had expanded his negotiating committee to nine by adding three of the dissenting members of the U.M.W. bargaining council, which had voted down the pact. Carter put in a brief appearance, urging the negotiators to come to an agreement for the benefit of the country.

An agreement was all the harder to reach because of the internal dissension in the U.M.W. Five years ago, Miller came to power as a popular reformer who had become a miner in West Virginia at the age of 16 and was a victim of black-lung disease. Last year he barely survived a hotly disputed election, and today no flint-hearted operator is more hated in coal towns than Miller. Anti-Miller miners, who denounce him for "weakness" and "selling out," claim that they have already collected the necessary 15,000 signatures for a recall election, which could



United Mine Workers President Arnold Miller at his desk in his Washington headquarters

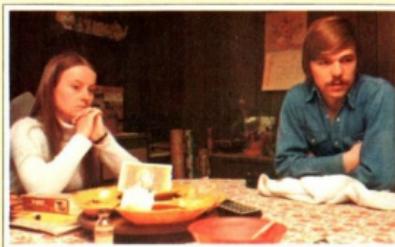


President Carter meeting with U.M.W. members and coal company representatives at the White House

Striking U.M.W. workers stopping an apprehensive driver approaching a mine in Inez, Ky.



Nation



Pamela and Richard McClurk at home, pondering their unpaid bills

District 17 Hangs Tough

Among the most militant of the striking mine workers are the 25,000 members of District 17. Many of them live in the vicinity of Cabin Creek Hollow, a group of small frame houses and mobile homes along a narrow, twisting road in the hills of southern West Virginia. On the eve of the strike last December, a Cabin Creek miner defiantly told TIME Correspondent Robert Wurmstedt that he and his neighbors were prepared to stay out of the pits until "she freezes over." Last week Wurmstedt revisited the hollow and found that 2½ months without paychecks has caused hardship for the miners but made them even more obstinate. His report:

This is a war," says Miner Mike Adkins, 34. "The stockpiles of coal are down, so we're up to bat. I'm tired of hearing about people being laid off because of the coal shortage. The hell with 'em. I haven't worked for 72 days, and I'm mad and disgusted like everyone else on this creek. But we got to get a contract we can live with." Says Robert Rumberg, who is 49 and was forced by black-lung disease to retire in 1973: "They can send the Army up here but they won't ever bring coal outta Cabin Creek."

Around him, miners nod their heads in agreement. Many of them are sons of coal miners and fervently believe that only the United Mine Workers protects them from the same kind of exploitation suffered in the pits by their fathers and grandfathers. Dressed in blue jeans and plaid wool shirts, many of the miners spend lots of time these days in the Cabin Creek Coffee House. It is a warm and welcome refuge from the coal-dust-blackened slush outside and the dispiriting sight of the empty coal hoppers—as idle as the miners—on the railroad tracks across the road. The men pass the hours playing pool, drinking RC Cola and strong black coffee (35¢ a cup with a refill on the house) and talking about hunting, fishing and making ends meet.

When the miners are working, they make about \$55 a day. Living is cheap, by urban standards, in Cabin Creek: a three-bedroom house rents for no more than \$185 a month. But wildcat strikes are frequent

—District 17 walked out for ten weeks last summer over a reduction in health benefits—and miners generally save little of their earnings. "Sometimes you're high on the hog, and sometimes you ain't got nothing," says Jerold Hamrick.

Nowadays, most miners and their families are barely getting by. The miners receive no strike benefits from their union; many of them have had to borrow money from relatives. Adkins, like many of the other miners, feeds his four children with the help of federal food stamps (\$248 a month). Before the strike, his wife Louise spent \$375 a month on groceries. The family is still well fed, but she closely follows the instructions in her favorite cookbook, *Mountain Measures*. "If the recipe says it serves six, it's exactly six," she says. "It don't lie. No more scraps for the dog." One of her favorite dishes is "sawmill gravy," known to other Cabin Creek families as "dough sop": bacon grease, flour, water, evaporated milk, salt and lots of pepper, poured over biscuits and served for breakfast or dinner.

Other families are falling behind on their bills. Richard McClurk, 23, and his wife Pamela, 22, owe two months' rent—a total of about \$200—on their four-room cabin. They have made no payments since November on their car, speedboat and motorcycle. They feed themselves and their four-month-old daughter on \$138 a month in food stamps, supplemented by pork from hogs raised by Pamela's father.

Company-financed health insurance for miners and their families ended when the strike began. Until doctors at the Cabin Creek Clinic last week began treating patients free on Tuesday evenings, the clinic's patient load had dropped by half. Says Administrator Margaret Light: "They're a lot sicker when they come in now." The strike also caused pensions, ranging from \$225 to \$250 a month, to be suspended for most of the hollow's retired miners. The pensions are financed by company-paid premiums of 55.4¢ for every ton of coal produced and 7¢ per man-hour worked when the mines are open.

To help the neediest families, the U.M.W. credit union has opened a temporary office in nearby Cedar Grove that has lent up to \$500 each to some 1,000 District 17 miners at interest of 1% a month, payable within a year after the strike ends. In addition, Cabin Creek stores, following the tradition of the coal fields, are extending credit to the miners and not pressing them for payment, even though most of the merchants are also hurting financially. Close by Cabin Creek, business at the Marmet Furniture Store is off 50%. Down the road, employees of Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers have had their workday cut from eight hours to five. At the Marmet Burger Chef, the work force, normally 30 people, has been cut by six.

The miners are tired of the strike and want to go back to work. But they vehemently reject the contract that was negotiated for them two weeks ago by U.M.W. President Arnold Miller, an alumnus of District 17. "What's Arnold think he's got down here, a bunch of fools?" asks Bill Bowyer, 21. Says his uncle, Jack Bowyer, 38: "We've gone this long. If we give up now, we'd just be throwin' it all away."



Striking coal miners signing up for loans at the U.M.W. credit union
"They won't ever bring coal outta Cabin Creek."



State police guard nonunion mine in Wolf Creek, Ky.

be held next week. Many predict that the embattled Miller will be ousted, though they have no idea who might replace him.

Miller insists he can survive. "I've been handicapped by the lack of an education," he says. "But I've always had determination, which some people think of as stubbornness. I can face adversity. I can tough it out." His enemies, however, keep spreading rumors that he is cracking. As evidence, they point to his sometimes vacant stare and his distracted manner, his suspicions of even close associates, his fistfights with union dissidents.

Miller has not distinguished himself in the current negotiations. He has been absent too much, and when on hand he has been unpredictable. He likes to launch into lengthy reminiscences about his life in the mines. "There has been no continuity in the talks," says an observer. "The negotiations have been stymied by the fact that nothing can be done without Miller's approval and he won't give his approval." Adds another Miller confidant: "He's a very decent guy, but he's the wrong man in the wrong place."

Miller has proved to be an inept administrator with exaggerated forebodings; he nevertheless has some grounds for anxiety. He heads one of the toughest unions on earth, whose members seldom hesitate to use their fists or a weapon to back up an argument. When Miller became president, he had to contend with U.M.W. officials still loyal to Tony Boyle. In such a situation, physical safety can never be taken completely for granted.

Another impediment to a settlement has been the fact that the longer the strike continues the better it looks for the miners. Until recently they had endured all the hardship, but now they see only too clearly that the operators and the rest of the country are beginning to share in their suffering. So hardly a miner seems disposed to give in. The men and women who perform some of life's grimmest labor under ground are not likely to be pushed over up above. "Some of us saw the strike coming a long way off," says Lou Kovach, 50, a miner in Maysville, Ky. "And most of us were ready for a long one. I



Miners and wives demonstrate at state capitol in Charleston, W. Va.

still bowl and go uptown for a few beers every day, and I'm not hurting." But some miners have been feeling the pinch and have been relying on food stamps for groceries; others consider food stamps beneath their dignity. "I don't mind welfare benefits from the union," says a Maysville miner, though no strikers have received any benefits from the depleted funds. "But welfare from Uncle Sam is out. A lot of us would rather keep our pride and go little hungry. That's the way we were brought up, proud people in a dirty job."

The lengthening of the strike increased the chances of violence. Miners have already stopped some coal headed for utilities from nonunion mines. Dozens of coal trucks have been forced at gunpoint to dump their loads. Towboats hauling coal barges up Pennsylvania's Monongahela River had to abandon operations when they were fired on by miners. "I don't like to see anyone suffer," says Jim Elias, 50, a miner in Greene County, Pa. "But we've got to get a decent contract somehow. I'm not the kind to fire a shot or throw a rock myself. But we've got some hotheads in the membership who might. If anybody tries to move coal to power plants around here, there's

going to be hell to pay. We've been letting coal go through for private homes and hospitals all along. But we've got to draw the line somewhere." With the National Guard and state police escorting coal trucks, confrontations became riskier. "I'm afraid we may see a move to violence," said one U.M.W. official in Washington. "We may see the 1930s again. These miners have fought the Army before."

As a last resort, the President could invoke the Taft-Hartley Act to send the miners back to work for an 80-day cooling-off period. But the miners like to quote a dictum from the era of U.M.W. President John L. Lewis: "You can't dig coal with bayonets." Said Peter Bok, 56, a 37-year veteran of the mines in Greene County: "Taft-Hartley is O.K. for wartime. But it's not going to get me back down there except at gunpoint. Even then, no gun can make me work faster than I want to, and I can work awful slow when I put my mind to it." David Formis, who used to head a U.M.W. local in West Virginia, made a more ominous point: "You've got \$250,000 pieces of equipment in each of these mines, and it wouldn't take much to tear them up. I'm not making any threat. That's just the way it is."



Unemployed driver and wife embracing in front of idle coal trucks in Arrowood, Ky.

An agreement all the harder to reach because of internal dissension within the union.



Nixon in presidential days of 1969, at his San Clemente compound with top advisers: Ehrlichman (at rear), Kissinger and Haldeman

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER

Much Ado About Haldeman

New Watergate tales from Nixon's top aide provoke heated denials

Suddenly, all the old rancorous controversies of the Watergate era came back to life. High crimes and misdemeanors were charged and denied. Reporters scrambled for inside tips, and there were rumors of stolen documents, violated contracts and million-dollar damages.

At the center of the turmoil was H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman, once the crew-cut, fiercely loyal chief of staff to President Nixon, now serving a minimum one-year term at California's Lompoc prison farm on a conviction of perjury in the Watergate cover-up. Last May Haldeman had fumed as he watched his former chief imply in televised interviews with David Frost that he might have saved his presidency if he had just had the heart to fire earlier his two closest aides, Haldeman and Domestic Adviser John Ehrlichman. Haldeman vowed then and there to turn his pro-Nixon memoirs into a stinging exposé of the "truth" about Watergate. As it spilled out last week in an avalanche of leaks, *The Ends of Power*, roughly written by Freelancer Joseph DiMona, proved far from the definitive answer to

Watergate's many remaining mysteries.

But Haldeman's account was nonetheless that of a key White House insider. And although he cautiously couched his accusations as beliefs, rather than provable assertions of fact, he charged that Nixon personally launched the Water-

gate bugging operation that cost him the presidency, that Nixon was part of the cover-up from the very day on which his re-election committee's burglars were arrested in Democratic national headquarters, that just three days after police had seized his agents Nixon himself erased 18½ minutes of a White House tape that showed his complicity in the crime.

Haldeman's story is badly flawed, frustratingly vague and curiously defensive. Many key sections were promptly denied; others are clearly erroneous. Yet the accusations add a new chapter to the ever unfolding story of the nation's worst political scandal in modern times. Only two men are likely to know more about the full Watergate story. One, of course, is Nixon, who last year denied once again in the Frost interviews that he had had any knowledge of how or why the Watergate bugging began or had participated in any criminal conspiracy to obstruct justice. The other man who might know more than Haldeman is Charles Colson, Nixon's former special counsel and now a "born again" social worker, who is portrayed in Haldeman's book as the Pres-



Haldeman after losing last appeal

There was a "dirty, mean, base side."

Nation

THE WHITE HOUSE

ident's uncontrollable "hit man" and a devious conspirator who pushed the Watergate burglars into their disastrous action.

Haldeman endorses a much-discussed motive for the still mysterious Watergate eavesdropping. Nixon, claims Haldeman, was out "to get" Larry O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Long a Nixon antagonist, O'Brien had angered the President by shrewdly exploiting a never proved charge that the Nixon Administration had settled an antitrust suit against ITT favorably to the giant corporation in return for financial help to hold the 1972 Republican National Convention in San Diego. Haldeman contends that Nixon and Colson, who had a personal hatred for O'Brien from old political campaigns in Massachusetts, hoped the Watergate bugs would turn up damaging information about O'Brien's lucrative (\$180,000 a year, according to Haldeman) work as a lobbyist for a company owned by Billionaire Howard Hughes.

But if Haldeman's explanation of Watergate's remaining who-and-why mysteries is credible, his book's most surprising tales concern two sensational foreign policy conflicts that are more difficult to believe. Their authenticity was, in fact, sharply challenged last week by both of Nixon's Secretaries of State, Henry Kissinger and William Rogers.

The most melodramatic is Haldeman's account of what he claims "may have been the most dangerous of all the confrontations this nation has ever faced." According to Haldeman, U.S. intelligence learned in 1969 that the Russians had moved "nuclear-armed divisions" along the Ussuri River within two miles of the Chinese border. Aerial photos showed "hundreds of Soviet nuclear warheads stacked in piles. Eighteen thousand tents for their armored forces erected overnight in nine feet of snow."

The Russians, claims Haldeman, were considering a "surgical" nuclear strike against the Chinese, designed to knock out new nuclear plants. But U.S. officials feared, among other things, that the Russians had only crude bombs with a radioactive fallout that might kill "every man, woman and child in Japan" and spread



In the White House in fateful Watergate year of 1972

A spokesman's comment: the Nixon memoirs will be published in May.

death "across Korea and Pacific islands where more than 250,000 American troops were stationed."

Haldeman reports that "there were several overtures by the Soviets to the U.S. for a joint venture in the surgical strike. Nixon turned the Soviets down, but was then informed, to his horror, that the Soviets intended to go ahead on their own." Haldeman says U.S. diplomacy cleverly defused the danger. Kissinger first sought to signal the Russians that the U.S. might actually come to China's aid. He did so, says Haldeman, through Walter J. Stoeszel Jr., U.S. Ambassador to Poland, who astonished Chinese diplomats at a party in Warsaw by suggesting that the U.S. wanted to resume the abandoned U.S.-China talks on diplomatic relations.

Next, Major General George Keegan,

Air Force Chief of Intelligence, recalled a trick that had helped ward off the Soviets during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Using the same ploy, he sent out a deliberately uncoded message, as though by accident, estimating the number of Russian civilians who would die as the result of any Soviet attack on China. The various U.S. tactics had their effect, Haldeman says. U.S. photos soon showed the Soviet nuclear divisions withdrawing from the border.

Haldeman's other previously unreported story tells of a new Soviet threat in Cuba. He reports that Kissinger rushed into his office in September 1970 with pictures of soccer fields being built at Cienfuegos. "Those soccer fields could mean war, Bob," an excited Kissinger is supposed to have said. Understandably, Haldeman asked, "Why?" The reply: "Cubans play baseball. Russians play soccer." The meaning, according to Haldeman, was that eight years after the dangerous Kennedy-Khrushchev showdown over Soviet missiles in Cuba, the Russians were doing it again.

The Soviet aim, according to Haldeman, was to position "medium-range missiles" within range of U.S. nuclear command bases. DEW-line defenses that guard against Russian attack from the north would be unable to warn of a Soviet strike from the south. It was Kissinger who blocked this threat, contends Haldeman, by calling in Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin and telling him the U.S. knew about the missiles but did not want another missile crisis. If the Russians insisted, nothing would be said publicly and detente could continue. Construction of the base was abandoned by the Russians.



Kissinger in his office as Secretary of State in 1974

"Nothing like that happened. What does he know about it?"

Kissinger agreed last week that the Soviets had considered a nuclear strike at the Chinese but denied that the Russians had asked the U.S. to join in. "Nothing like that happened," he said. As for Haldeman, "What does he know about it? I have just finished the chapter in my own book on China and have gone over the papers, and that never took place." Kissinger said that there was some tension over a Russian base in Cuba but it was far less dramatic or ominous than Haldeman's account portrays—and was nothing like another missile

Nation



Watergate Guard Frank Wills at taped door

A theory of sabotaged burglary.

crisis. Haldeman contends that if there had been no Watergate, Nixon would have achieved his goal of "a full generation of peace in the world and prosperity without inflation at home." There was, says Haldeman, "greatness in him." But if Haldeman argues that Nixon's character assets ("intelligence, analytical ability, judgment, shrewdness, courage, decisiveness and strength") outweighed his flaws, he by no means minimizes those faults. He variously describes Nixon as having a "dirty, mean, base side" and "a terrible temper," being "coldly calculating, devious, craftily manipulative" and "the weirdest man ever to live in the White House."

Haldeman portrays himself as continually giving "active encouragement" to the "good" side of Nixon and treating the "bad" side with "benign neglect." As chief of staff, Haldeman says, he often ignored "petty, vindictive" orders from Nixon (such as one to give mass lie detector tests to employees of the State Department as a means of finding security leaks). Haldeman now regrets that he did not challenge Nixon more "frontally" to check his dark impulses. But he also notes wryly that other Nixon associates who had done so, including HEW Secretary Robert Finch and Communications Director Herbert Klein, quickly lost influence at the White House.

By contrast, Haldeman contends, the crafty Colson became a Nixon intimate by deliberately appealing to Nixon's vindictive instincts. And that volatile combination of the unchecked worst in both Nixon and Colson, Haldeman suggests, was the cause of Watergate.

According to Haldeman, the trail led this way:

By May of 1972, the Democrats were preparing to nominate George McGovern

as their presidential candidate. Nixon led by some 19 points in public opinion polls and had no reason to worry about his re-election. But he was furious at O'Brien for pushing the ITT charges. An angry Nixon told Haldeman on Air Force One: "O'Brien's not going to get away with it. Bob. We're going to get proof of his relationship with Hughes—and just what he's doing for the money."

How? Writes Haldeman: "I believe it is almost certain that Nixon asked Colson to help him nail O'Brien. Colson naturally turned to Hunt. [E. Howard Hunt, a retired CIA agent used by Colson as an investigator.] Hunt tried to do it by tapping O'Brien's telephone at the Watergate."

But how does Haldeman know that? Says he: "This isn't mere conjecture on my part. It's backed up by Nixon's own words, as revealed over and over again in the tapes. Nixon knew what had happened." Indeed, various Nixon tapes do show him believing that "Colson must have done it." "There's no way he wasn't involved." This evidence is neither new nor indisputable. Colson, predictably enough, said last week that "Haldeman's reconstruction of events may be the biggest hoax since Clifford Irving's."

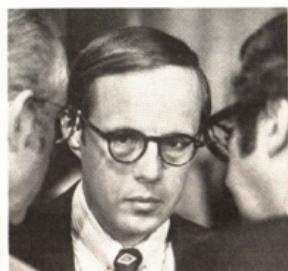
There was only one break in the silence from San Clemente, where Nixon was besieged by requests for a response. Said Colonel Jack Brennan, Nixon's longtime aide: "Former President Nixon's memoirs will be published in May." One thing seems certain: Nixon's recollections of the Watergate origins are not likely to coincide with Haldeman's.

Haldeman tries to minimize his own role in the Nixon committee's intelligence-gathering plans. He contends that he did want the committee's deputy director, Jeb Stuart Magruder, to develop an intelligence capability but only to make "simple recordings of public speeches" by Democratic candidates so that inconsistencies could be attacked. He ad-

mits prodding Magruder to get going on it and says that Nixon, in turn, had been nudging him.

Contrary to evidence introduced at Haldeman's 1974 trial, he still denies that he ever saw any of the "Gemstone" reports showing what the one working bug on a phone inside the Democratic Committee headquarters was picking up. He also denies ever telling his aide, Gordon Strachan, to destroy any such documents—contrary to Strachan's testimony.

In giving his version of how the Watergate operation began, Haldeman endorses the familiar—but never convincingly documented—theories that the Democrats knew about the plans for the bugging in advance and let it happen to entrap the Republicans. Says Larry O'Brien: "That's baloney. That's a real crock." Haldeman further suggests that the CIA knew all along about the plans and may even have sabotaged them to discourage Nixon from developing any unofficial intelligence capability or seeking



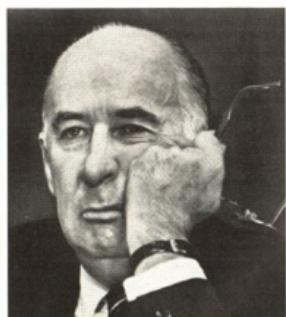
John Dean at 1973 Senate hearings

Corroboration for his early charges.

political control over the CIA. Former CIA Director Richard Helms said last week that his Senate Watergate testimony still stands: "The agency had nothing to do with the Watergate break-in."

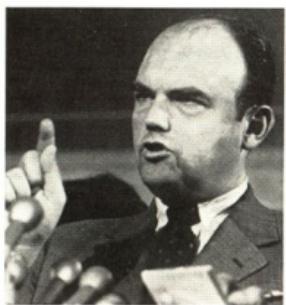
Haldeman is more credible when he abandons such unverifiable theorizing and focuses on the specific new evidence he can bring to the scandal. He does so in supporting his belief that Nixon was part of the cover-up "from day one"—even though no one in the White House viewed it as a crime at first. The cover-up was not a "conspiracy" in the legal sense, Haldeman contends: It was "organic," growing "one step at a time" to limit political damage to the President.

Haldeman claims that on June 20, three days after the arrests, he received a Nixon phone call that has remained "unknown to anyone but the President and me to this day." Already Nixon was thinking about raising money for the jailed burglars. "Those people who got caught are going to need money. I've been thinking about how to do it," Nixon told Haldeman. "I'm going to have



John Mitchell during his Senate testimony

One who has not yet written a book.



Ehrlichman at 1973 press conference

He played pranks on Kissinger.

Bebe [Nixon's friend, Bebe Rebozo] start a fund for them in Miami. Call it an anti-Castro fund."

Haldeman also for the first time fills in that celebrated 18½-minute gap from the tape of a conversation he held that same June 20 with Nixon at the White House. In what looks like his lawyers' protective way of camouflaging what, in fact, Haldeman knew—possibly to preclude further legal charges against him—he writes, "I've reconstructed the way the conversation might have gone." And, if Haldeman is accurate, it becomes clear why the tape was erased. The key Nixon passages:

"I know one thing. I can't stand an FBI interrogation of Colson ... Colson can talk about the President, if he cracks. You know I was on Colson's tail for months to nail Larry O'Brien on the Hughes deal. Colson told me he was going to get the information I wanted one way or the other. And that was O'Brien's office they were bugging, wasn't it? And who's behind it? Colson's boy Hunt. Christ. Colson called [Magruder] and got the whole operation started. Right

from the goddam White House ... I just hope the FBI doesn't check the office log and put it together with that Hunt and Liddy meeting in Colson's office."

If the quotes are accurate, Nixon is not only divulging his own culpability in initiating the bugging but is also expressing a clear intent to keep the FBI from learning about it. Thus the seeds of an obstruction of justice have been planted even before the celebrated June 23 "smoking gun" conversation, which ultimately triggered Nixon's resignation from office.

Once again, Haldeman claims no direct knowledge of who erased that 18½ minutes from the tape, but he nonetheless accuses Nixon. "My own perception had always been that Nixon simply began to erase all of the Watergate material from the tapes when he started to worry that they may be exposed," Haldeman says. This was the first taped post-burglary conversation. Haldeman believes Nixon set out to censor it, but since he "was the least dexterous man I have ever known," he discovered that "it would take him ten years" to wipe out all the incriminating words. Indeed, court-appointed tape experts detected at least five, and probably nine, starts and stops in the erasure. Haldeman claims he later was "confused" when Nixon referred to the gap as "Rose 18 minutes"—but that could easily have been the President's way of shifting blame in Haldeman's mind to Rose Mary Woods, who claimed to have accidentally erased at most five minutes of this tape.

As for the smoking-gun tape from three days later, Haldeman adds some spectacular—but unverified—ramifications to the White House efforts to persuade top CIA officials to intercede with the FBI in order to impede the FBI's investigation of the money found on the arrested Watergate burglars. That tape, in which Nixon instructed Haldeman to ask the CIA to do this, put the lie to Nixon's repeated claim that he had not tried to block

the criminal investigation into Watergate and had wanted only to protect any CIA secrets involving national security. It showed his real fear was that the money would be traced to his re-election committee, and protecting his own political standing was his real aim.

Haldeman says he was puzzled in that conversation when Nixon told him what to tell the CIA: "Look, the problem is that this will open up the whole Bay of Pigs thing again." When Haldeman did ask CIA Director Richard Helms that day to intercede with the FBI, he reports he at first got nowhere. Helms insisted that no CIA operation would be compromised if the FBI traced the money through a Mexican bank. But then Haldeman did as he



Colson after 1974 guilty plea in Ellsberg case

"The biggest hoax since Clifford Irving's."

was told by Nixon, warning that "the Bay of Pigs may be blown."

According to Haldeman, the reaction was galvanic. "Turmoil in the room, Helms gripping the arms of his chair, leaning forward and shouting, 'The Bay of Pigs had nothing to do with this. I have no concern about the Bay of Pigs,'" recalls Haldeman: "I was absolutely shocked by Helms' violent reaction. Again I wondered, what was such dynamite in the Bay of Pigs story?" In fact, the CIA officials then did ask Acting FBI Director Pat Gray to slow the money tracing—and he did for a week or so.

What did it all mean? As Haldeman later pieced it together, he says, the "Bay of Pigs" was a coded reference to the CIA's then-secret attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro. The CIA had withheld this information from the Warren Commission, even though it could have had a bearing on any conspiracy theory that Castro might have plotted Kennedy's death. The book's implication is that Nixon knew this secret and held it over Helms. Haldeman also suggests that Helms had something on Nixon. In the vaguest of hints, he implies that as Vice President under Dwight Eisenhower, Nixon may have been a chief instigator of the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion plans, later carried out by Kennedy. The invasion plans



Rose Mary Woods re-enacting tape erasure for court hearing in 1973

But did her boss, "the least dexterous man," do it all?

were, in fact, created by clandestine services officials in the CIA and, although Nixon as Vice President probably was aware of them, he certainly had not been their author.

There are many lesser, but intriguing, stories in the book. Haldeman claims the White House taping system was originated so that Nixon could have a check on anyone who might later misrepresent what was said in the Oval Office—and one of his main concerns was Kissinger. Nixon, Haldeman writes, "knew that Henry's view on a particular subject was sometimes subject to change without notice." Nixon did not destroy his tapes because at first he felt he would never have to give them up and later he thought they could be used to discredit John Dean. Haldeman flatly denies Nixon's Frost-show claim that he once told Haldeman to get rid of the tapes.

Like other veterans of Watergate, Haldeman has a theory on the identity of the celebrated "Deep Throat" source of Washington Post Watergate Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein. His "candidate," as he puts it, is Fred Fielding, Dean's White House deputy. As aide to Nixon's nemesis, Fielding has been on most such speculative source lists, but he said again last week that Haldeman's charge was "sheer fantasy." Fielding has shown TIME passports and photographs indicating that he was in Bolivia in late January 1973, when *All the President's Men* describes one specific undercover meeting with Deep Throat.

Haldeman, who is expected to be released from Lompoc prison as early as this summer, is currently insulated from the storm his book is stirring. It certainly is not, as he concedes, the full story of Watergate, and is far from the final one. Despite the claim that his aim was finally to "tell the truth" about the scandal, his book is too self-protective for that.

Haldeman does admit some wrongs. The cover-up, he concludes, was "morally and legally the wrong thing to do—so it should have failed." But then he suggests that the problem actually was tactical—"Too many people knew too much"—and that the one man who knew the most (Richard Nixon) had not told his aides enough.

"A plan can be developed to handle almost any problem," Haldeman states, and if Nixon had only provided "a key part of the puzzle ... most of us would have been willing to sacrifice ourselves, if necessary, to save the presidency that we believed in." The cover-up, in short, was not such an evil to Bob Haldeman that he would refuse to try it again if he thought he could make it work. Says he: "There is absolutely no doubt in my mind today that if I were back at the starting point, faced with the decision of whether to join up, even knowing what the ultimate outcome would be, I would unquestionably do it." ■

The Case of the Purloined Pages

New tales about Watergate lead to a Scranton gate



Reporter Nancy Collins in Washington

I was drinking alone in the office one night when this dame wanders in. Real sweet, she was, with coal dust in her long blonde hair and a crumpled bus ticket in her fist. "Scranton," she sighed by way of explanation, in a voice that trailed off like the Doppler effect of a passing 18-wheeler on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. I poured her a stiff one, and she poured me her story: "I have this terrific manuscript, but please don't ask how I got it, and I just have to get into the newspapers before they do. "They?" "The syndicate." "Which one?" "The New York Times Syndicate." I lunged for the phone and dialed my editor. "By the way, babysakes, who are you?" She thought a minute: "Just call me ... 'Deep Book.' "

That may not be how the Washington Post obtained the final two-thirds of *The Ends of Power* a week in advance of its official release—but then no one outside a handful of Post employees knows for sure.

The episode does have all the marks of a grade-Z whodunit, complete with an anonymous woman caller, a mysterious motel room in Scranton, Pa., purloined

pages and *sotto voce* allegations of bad faith and perhaps even criminality. What is known is that Post Reporter Nancy Collins penetrated perhaps the most elaborate security precautions ever thrown around the birth of a book, and that her coup touched off a divisive row in the publishing community that some newsmen quickly dubbed "Scranton gate."

Last Thursday morning, when the Post's front-page summary of the book appeared, editors at Times Books, a New York Times Co. subsidiary that had paid H.R. Haldeman and Co-Author Joseph DiMona a \$140,000 advance for the book, began rushing copies into major bookstores more than a week early. Angry editors at the New York Times Syndication Sales Corp., a subsidiary that had sold *Ends* serialization rights for a total of \$1 million to more than 40 newspapers and magazines round the world, authorized those customers to rush into print four days before the official release date. *Times* editors reluctantly printed the paper's five-part series of *Ends* excerpts in one hasty lump and accused the Post of excerpt envy. (The Post had been prevented from buying rights to the book because the Washington Star had first bids, as a regular Times Syndicate customer.) Said a top executive of the parent Times Co.: "Officially, we're pissed." The ill feelings had not subsided much by week's end. On Sunday the *Times* carried an editorial reflecting on Watergate, which began with an acid reference to the Post's "second-rate burglary of H.R. Haldeman's memoir of a third-rate burglary on the eve of its publication by Times Books.)

Nowhere were editors angrier than at *Newsweek*, which is owned by the Washington Post Co., and which had agreed to pay the Times Syndicate \$125,000—plus the promise of advance publicity—for U.S. magazine rights to the book. "We have had better days," said *Newsweek* Editor Edward Kosner the day the Post version appeared. Katharine Graham, chairman of the parent Washington Post Co., would not comment on whether she permitted her newspaper to upset her magazine; but obviously she had, as she learned of the Post's acquisition the night before it was published. Her observation: "Newsweek and the Post are very competitive. Sometimes it gets to be a pain in the neck." Added Post Executive Editor Ben Bradlee: "I wouldn't give *Newsweek* the time of day, and they wouldn't give us the time of day. That's the way it should be."

Who did get the Post its copy of the book? Times Co. officials are astounded that anyone could have, considering the firm's extraordinary steps to prevent

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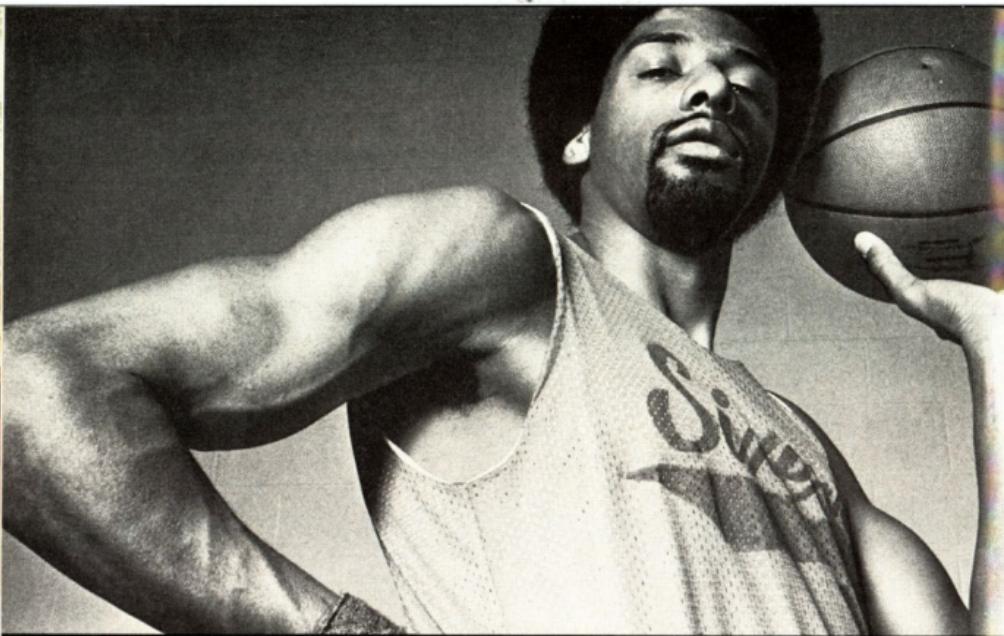
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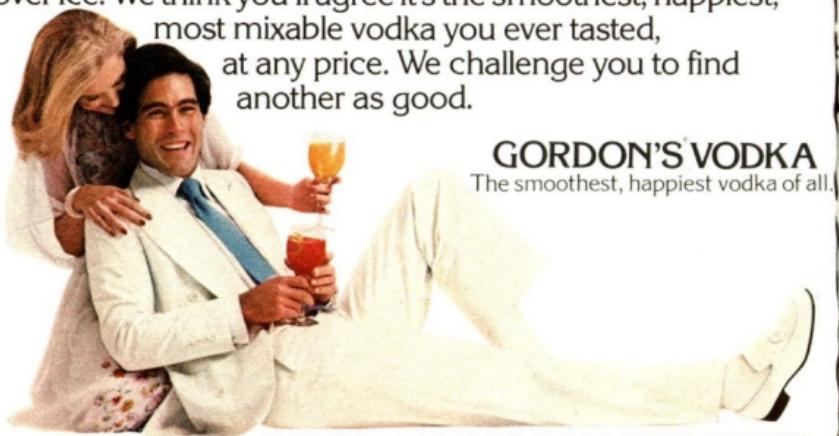
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such leaks. The manuscript was set in type at Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., in Bloomsburg, Pa., under the eyes of uniformed security guards, on old-fashioned Linotype machines. Their output of hot metal was melted down as soon as it was used. The pages were bound at a Haddon plant in Scranton, also under guard; and finished books were sealed in tough plastic wrappers and then stored in locked trucks and warehouses.

Times Books President Thomas Lipscomb hand-carried a copy of the manuscript to editors of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which had chosen *Ends* as a main selection. On short notice, a handful of book reviewers were offered an opportunity to see the book, but each was required to sign a secrecy agreement before receiving his copy. Editors of the Times Syndicate offered serialization rights only to publications here and abroad that would sign secrecy agreements before inspecting a summary at Times Books' New York offices. One of the publishers who signed and saw was Australian Rupert Murdoch, after an unauthorized detail from the book



Post Co. Chairman Katharine Graham

"Sometimes it's a pain . . ."

appeared in his *New York Post* and *New York* magazine two weeks ago, the syndicate threatened legal action and the disclosures stopped. Meanwhile, a false story spread that the book was being typeset in Kingsport, Tenn.

Those precautions served only to whet journalistic appetites. Dozens of reporters tried to come up with the book's contents, without success. But ABC News cameras were allowed ten days ago to film the interior of the printing plant on the condition that its location not be revealed. *TIME*, which had made an offer for magazine rights to the book, attempted to de-

H.R. HALDEMAN THE ENDS OF POWER

with Joseph DiMona



termine the highlights of its contents by talking to some of those who were familiar with the work. Lipscomb two weeks ago offered to confirm or deny some details *TIME* had learned, but changed his mind after he had heard them.

Meanwhile, journalists at the *Post* were also trying to learn what was in the book, Collins among them. "I knew the Haldeman book was the best story in town and I went after it," says Collins. 29, a tall, blonde former model and *Women's Wear Daily* reporter. Collins was hired by the *Post* last year to launch a gossip column for the paper, presumably in imitation of the Washington *Star's* saucy "Ear." The column was dropped after a few desultory months, and Collins became what she calls "a feature writer and society reporter." Collins says it took her five days to come up with part of the Haldeman manuscript, but it was stingy with other details. "It was real cloak-and-dagger stuff. Nancy Drew stuff," she allows. "Bob [Woodward] had his 'Deep Throat,' and I had my 'Deep Book.'"

If there is a Deep Book, he or she probably lives in Scranton. A week before the *Post's* scoop, Lackawanna County Prosecutor Ernest Prete was notified by a security official at the Haddon bindery that four copies of the book were missing. About that time, the *Times* news desk received a call from a woman who said she was a reporter for a Scranton newspaper, had a copy of the book, was angry at her paper for refusing to publish it and would sell it to the highest bidder. The caller, who called herself Nancy, did not phone again, but the *New York Post* reported receiving a similar call. Last week *TIME* confirmed that Collins had checked into the Sheraton Motor Inn in Scranton around 11 p.m. on Feb. 10 and left on Feb. 13, roughly when the *Post* received the partial manuscript. ABC News reported that she had stayed in Room 620 and used a motel copying machine to run off 190 pages of something.

Some officials at the Times Co. believe that Collins may somehow have compromised an employee of the bindery. No charges have been filed, however, and Collins hotly denies any impropriety. "No violation of the law occurred," she says. "It was just good, straight reporting, just like the *Washington Post* always does." But just what is the legal situation? The *Post* may be open to a *Times* Co. lawsuit, if it can be proved that the paper is bound by the *Newsweek* secrecy agreement by virtue of Graham's dual role as publisher of the *Post* and as one of the few people authorized to see *Newsweek's* two copies of the Haldeman book. In addition, the Times Co. could ask a court for damages under a common-law doctrine that pun-

ishes unfair competition, as the Associated Press did successfully in 1918 after a rival service was found to have pirated A.P. reports. After the *Post* story, *Newsweek* released to the public its excerpts from the book, but went ahead with plans for a Haldeman cover; this week's special issue will cost \$1.25, or 25¢ more than the regular newsstand price. Officials of the magazine are not ruling out the possibility of refusing to pay some of the \$125,000 fee should they decide that sales of this week's issue were hurt by the leak. If other publications that bought parts of the book also were to refuse to make final payments, one top *Timesman* figures, the Times Co. could be out as much as \$500,000.

Even those losses could be partly recouped by the effect that last week's skulking in Scranton was having on sales of



Post Executive Editor Ben Bradlee

"Happy as a pig . . ."

Times Books' \$12.95 hard-cover version. Lipscomb reported at week's end that the initial printing of 275,000 had been shipped out, that an additional 50,000 copies were on order, and that some bookstores were calling to double their orders.

The publishing world is divided on both the motives and the ethics of the participants involved in the Haldeman caper. Did Haldeman or DiMona leak a copy of the manuscript in shrewd hopes of hyping sales of the book? They would deny it, and, anyway, the co-authors stand to lose more from the canceled syndication deals than they may gain from their royalties on increased book sales. Is the *Post* guilty of dealing in stolen property, an even worse journalistic excess than those Haldeman used to complain about during Watergate? Or did the paper merely outreport both its rivals and its partner publication once again? Said Bradlee rather provocatively: "You gotta admit it's fun. I'm happy as a pig in ----."

Whatever happened, the episode demonstrated the difficulty of keeping any secrets nowadays from publications bent on discovering them, even each other's secrets. As for the real story of Scranton-gate, publishers may have to wait a while to find out exactly what happened last week. Promised Nancy Collins: "My memoirs will tell the tale." ■

A Crusade That Isn't Going to Die

Controversial campaign for human rights is gaining ground

Just before helicoptering away for his weekend trip to New England last Friday, Jimmy Carter signed in the Oval Office a two-page Presidential Directive, a set of marching orders from the Commander in Chief to his troops in the Executive Branch. Stamped CONFIDENTIAL in large red capital letters, the PD, as it is known, will be circulated this week among top officials in nine agencies of the Government.

"It shall be a major objective of U.S. foreign policy to promote human rights throughout the world," the paper began.

American effort to achieve something most nations would consider quixotic—combining world power with moral principle. The human rights campaign, unveiled by Carter in his Inaugural Address, has also been the object of more passionate advocacy and more scornful criticism than any other single element of his foreign policy. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev has denounced the human rights policy as interference in the internal affairs of other countries. A number of American critics, too, have decried Carter's approach as rhetorical and

Both extremes are represented within the Government. During the first months of the Carter presidency, the policy met considerable resistance from career foreign-service officers, who felt that the new emphasis on human rights jeopardized traditional friendships and interests. Other officials have had to get used to the fact that sometimes human rights must yield precedence to other more mundane or more pressing strategic goals. Says the NSC's Tuchman, who is the daughter of Historian Barbara Tuchman: "In foreign policy, there is always bound to be a point where one has to pursue conflicting interests. When that time comes, you have to decide which interests you're going to pursue most vigorously. Otherwise you might overload the circuit." In the first three weeks of Carter's Administration, he blew several fuses in U.S.-Soviet relations by publicly protesting the harassment of Nobel Peace Prize-winner Andrei Sakharov. The Kremlin reacted by cracking down even harder on dissidents and warning Washington that the human rights campaign was "incompatible" with détente in general and the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in particular. Since then, Carter, Brezinski and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance have continued to remonstrate with the Russians on behalf of persecuted dissenters—but privately, through diplomatic channels, and so far with little visible effect.

The chief impact of the human rights policy has occurred not in the Communist world but in developing countries, where the U.S. dispenses largesse and therefore has leverage. The principal instruments for applying pressure are Public Law-480 food aid, grants from the Agency for International Development, military aid and bank loans—all told, nearly \$10 billion annually.



Philippine prisoners leaving with relatives after being released from Bicutan

A policy that has been the object of passionate advocacy and scornful criticism.

"The policy shall be applied globally, but with due consideration to the cultural, political and historical characteristics of each nation and to other fundamental U.S. interests with respect to the nation in question."

While not the most stirring piece of prose to come out of the White House, the PD is one of the more important papers to have crossed Carter's desk in recent weeks. The reason, reports TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, is that it displays Carter's determination to continue using U.S. economic aid, military assistance and diplomatic pressure to promote human rights in foreign countries, wherever and whenever other U.S. interests permit.

Presidental National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski argues that the human rights initiative has put the U.S. "back on the moral offensive" round the globe. It is, in fact, a characteristically

naïve. Several Soviet dissidents, on the other hand, have credited the Carter policy with keeping their movement alive. Minnesota Congressman Donald Fraser, leader of an *ad hoc* human rights group on Capitol Hill, says he would "like to see the Administration do even more."

Largely because of the controversy the policy has stirred, the Administration has been carrying out a secret review of it since last summer. This PD is the result. Says Jessica Tuchman, 31, the National Security Council (NSC) staffer in charge of human rights: "The directive tries to give the bureaucracy general guidelines to shape the official consideration of human rights. It will do two things: protect the policy from those who think it should be jettisoned, and protect it, equally, from those who think human rights have to be the paramount concern all the time."

Virtually every aid proposal within the State Department is routed through a newly created Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. That unit is headed by Assistant Secretary of State Patricia Derian, 49, a combative and articulate civil rights activist from Mississippi. Derian has traveled to 15 countries in Asia, Latin America, Africa and Europe to explain Administration policy and inspect local conditions. She and eight deputies make sure that the human rights performance of every would-be recipient of U.S. aid is taken into account before a grant, loan or sale is approved.

"Obviously," she says, "if a repressive regime wants to buy police equipment from the U.S., our recommendation is going to be no, and the sale is likely not to go through. But often it's not that simple. Human rights have an economic component too: the right to food, shelter and medical care. We understand that for a poor country, trying to feed everybody is a human rights problem as

well. So if we get a proposed loan for a big water project, and it turns out that 99% of the water is going to be used for a private industry in a country with serious human rights problems, that would get a negative vote. But if the water is going to a slum area, where people now have to walk two miles to carry water by bucket, that's entirely different. We might very well favor such a loan."

In December, Derian's bureau recommended that the U.S. vote against three Inter-American Development Bank loans for Argentina and one for Chile as "signals" of U.S. disapproval of human rights violations there. None of those loans contained what Derian calls "the needy-people provision," which would justify aid to a repressive regime. In all these cases, Derian's recommendations were accepted by a permanent interagency committee, chaired by Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, 52, which coordinates human rights policy throughout the Government.

Sometimes Derian is overruled. She recently lost a battle with the State Department's East Asia bureau over military aid to the Philippines. Derian and others in the Government argued that President Ferdinand Marcos' authoritarian rule necessitated substantial cuts in U.S. arms aid. The East Asia bureau countered that current negotiations with Marcos over the status of U.S. military bases in the Philippines made this the wrong year to try to force him to mend his ways. Christopher and Vance agreed.

"If we decide to go ahead with military assistance even though there are human rights abuses," explains Christopher, "we should make it clear to the country involved that we are concerned about the abuses but we're going ahead for other compelling reasons." That is the message U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines David Newsom has been reiterating to Marcos in a series of private meetings in Manila. Says Congressman Fraser, chairman of a House subcommittee that is reviewing human rights among U.S. aid recipients: "I think the Administration should be doing more about human rights in the Philippines. We shouldn't let ourselves be held hostage on the bases there." Indeed, Congress is, if anything, more militant than the Executive Branch in favoring use of U.S. influence to promote human rights.

TIME correspondents in three areas of the undeveloped world have conducted their own surveys of how the Carter human rights policy has influenced conditions in their regions:

Asia: U.S. pressure played a part in Indonesian President Suharto's recent decision to release 10,000 political prisoners. During Derian's visit to Jakarta in January, Suharto argued that security and stability still come first, but he agreed "possibly to accelerate" the release of the approximately 20,000 leftists still in custody. In South Korea, U.S. intervention, mostly in



Derian with Vietnamese refugees in Thailand
Disapproval for repressive regimes.

the form of quiet diplomacy, led to the release on New Year's Eve of five prominent religious and political dissidents.

Latin America: Argentina and Chile continue to resist U.S. pressures, but there has been some change in Central America. When U.S. Ambassador Mauricio Solana presented his credentials in Nicaragua five months ago, he coolly informed Strongman Anastasio Somoza that Washington wanted to see martial law lifted and official terror decreased. Somoza, whose family has ruled Nicaragua with U.S. backing for more than 40 years, yielded. Last month opposition elements mounted a two-week nationwide general strike to protest the assassination of an anti-Somoza newspaper editor. Ambassador Solana cautioned Somoza that Washington would not support him unless he responded to the strike with reform rather than repression. "If it were not for Carter's concern for human rights," an opposition leader told TIME, "this general strike would not have been possible."

Africa: Human rights abuses remain widespread, but some progress can be cited. In December, Guinea's President Sékou Touré freed 300 former ambassadors, army officers, magistrates, government officials and others whom he had accused of trying to overthrow him. Western diplomats credit that to U.S. efforts. The military government of Nigeria, meanwhile, shows every indication of keeping its promise to return the country to democratic rule by October; and as far as is known, all political prisoners have been released.

The Carter Administration hopes that criticism of its human rights policy will diminish as the policy itself becomes, in the

jargon of the foreign policymakers, "multilateralized." Translation: they are hoping other countries will adopt a version of the policy themselves and join forces with the U.S. in international bodies. There are already some signs that this is happening. A joint State Department-Treasury Department team toured Western Europe earlier this month drumming up transatlantic cooperation on human rights. The European Economic Community is considering writing human rights provisions into the Lome Convention, which provides trade preferences for 52 former European colonies in Africa, the Pacific and the Caribbean.

In a speech before the American Bar Association in New Orleans last week, Christopher proposed the creation of an "International Clearinghouse for Human Rights Information," an idea partly inspired by the London-based group Amnesty International. The White House is also considering a proposal for a "Human Rights Foundation," a quasigovernmental body that would provide support to private human rights groups.

But the most important and immediate challenge to international cooperation on human rights is the European Security Conference, now in its last weeks in Belgrade. The U.S. is determined that the final document of the conference should reiterate human rights guarantees adopted at Helsinki four years ago but honored largely in the breach since then. The Soviet delegation at Belgrade is trying to avoid so much as a mention of human rights in the final document. So far the U.S. and Western Europe have maintained a solid front against Soviet recalcitrance. "We're not alone," says Christopher. "And there's a great deal of strength in numbers." ■



Human rights Staffer Jessica Tuchman
Remonstrating with the Russians.

Nation

Was Lee Oswald a Soviet Spy?

A fascinating new portrait of Kennedy's assassin

Was Lee Harvey Oswald an informer who gave U.S. military secrets to the Soviet KGB? Was he involved in the famous downing of the U-2 spy plane? A tantalizing new book presents strong evidence that Oswald's connections with the KGB were closer and more devious than the public has been led to believe.

The book, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, is the result of 2½ years of work by *Reader's Digest* editors and researchers, who acquired many FBI

troller, required above-average intelligence, and he ranked seventh in his training class in Biloxi, Miss. From visual, radio and radar observation at Atsugi, one base from which the U-2 operated, Oswald could have learned much about its speed, rate of climb and altitude.

Oswald, according to *Legend*, later told friends that he had moved in a Communist circle in Tokyo when off duty from Atsugi. Other Marines were surprised to learn that he spent some of his liberty

orders in killing President Kennedy.

After the 1963 assassination, according to *Legend*, the KGB planted a false defector called Nosenko in the U.S. for the specific purpose of convincing U.S. intelligence that Oswald had been considered so unreliable that the KGB had not even taken up his offer to divulge U.S. military secrets when he first arrived in Moscow.

Much of the book centers on the intrigue between the CIA and the FBI over Nosenko's credibility. Disinclined to believe him, the CIA drew up 44 questions that it wanted the FBI, which was debriefing Nosenko, to ask him. The FBI's J. Edgar Hoover refused to permit such questioning. The reason, according to Epstein, was that Hoover took pride in the information he was getting from another alleged KGB defector, called Fedora. Fedora had verified some portions of Nosenko's story—and if Nosenko had been shown to be a false defector, that would have meant that Hoover's source too was a KGB-planted double agent. Eventually, the CIA put aside its suspicions.

In retracing Oswald's movements after he returned to the U.S., the book is less persuasive in implying that he remained a KGB informant. It cites his temporary employment at a typesetting company in Dallas, where he gained access to Soviet and Cuban place names that the U.S. Army had contracted to strip into classified maps. The only KGB contact suggested in the book is the mysterious oil geologist George de Mohrenschildt, who befriended the Oswalds in the Dallas area. He is portrayed as exaggerating the Oswalds' marital problems in order to provide a reason for Oswald to move away from Marina. De Mohrenschildt, whose clouded past included contacts with various intelligence agencies, killed himself in 1977—two hours after being interviewed by Epstein for *Legend*.

Epstein claims that Oswald's pro-Cuba activities in the U.S. were designed to convince Havana officials that he was trustworthy enough to be admitted to Cuba in another planned defection from the U.S. The book traces Oswald's movements in Mexico City, and includes U.S.-monitored telephone conversations to the Soviet and Cuban embassies. Oswald's last known call in Mexico City was to make an appointment to see a Soviet official, described in the book as a member of the KGB department in charge of foreign espionage and assassinations. Oswald then returned to Dallas.

Yet several stubborn facts block any implication that Oswald was directed by foreign agents to hunt down Kennedy in Texas. He found his job in the Texas School Book Depository building by chance, and long before it was known that Kennedy planned to ride in a motorcade past the building. If the killing actually was planned by foreign agents, Oswald was the luckiest assassin in history. It is far more likely that he saw his unexpected opportunity—and took it. ■



Wreckage of Gary Powers' U-2 CIA spy plane on display in Moscow in 1960

and CIA documents under the Freedom of Information Act and, in addition, covered some 150,000 miles in 26 states and nine nations to interview Oswald's former associates. It was written by Edward Jay Epstein, a careful academic researcher whose 1966 book, *Inquest*, first revealed the flaws in the Warren Commission's investigation but did not conjure up any wild conspiracy theories.

Epstein still refuses to draw flat conclusions. Yet he weaves a skein of circumstantial evidence suggesting that Oswald learned key performance data on the CIA's U-2 plane while serving as a Marine radar controller at Atsugi, Japan, in 1957, and that he provided information to the Soviets either then or upon his defection to Russia in 1959. Oswald's information, the book suggests, enabled the Soviets to redesign their rocket-guidance systems so as to knock CIA Pilot Gary Powers out of the air over the Soviet Union on May 1, 1960.

Oswald's Marine specialty, radar con-



Marine Oswald in 1958

hours at the Queen Bee, one of Tokyo's three most expensive nightclubs and a suspected hangout for intelligence agents from various nations. Even though dates there cost up to \$100 a night and Oswald took home less pay than that in a month, he began appearing at Atsugi with one of the Queen Bee's prettiest hostesses. When he was assigned temporarily to Iwakuni, a U.S. airbase 430 miles from Tokyo, Oswald was seen with an attractive Eurasian woman. "She was much too good-looking for Bugs [Oswald]," said one Marine.

The book claims that the KGB coached Oswald in preparing a false diary of his 32 months in Russia so that U.S. intelligence sources would find Oswald's reasons for wanting to return to the U.S. credible. It never explains, however, exactly why the KGB was willing to help Oswald be repatriated or why it aided his Russian wife Marina, the niece of a military official in Minsk, in going to America with him. Nor does it imply that Oswald acted on KGB



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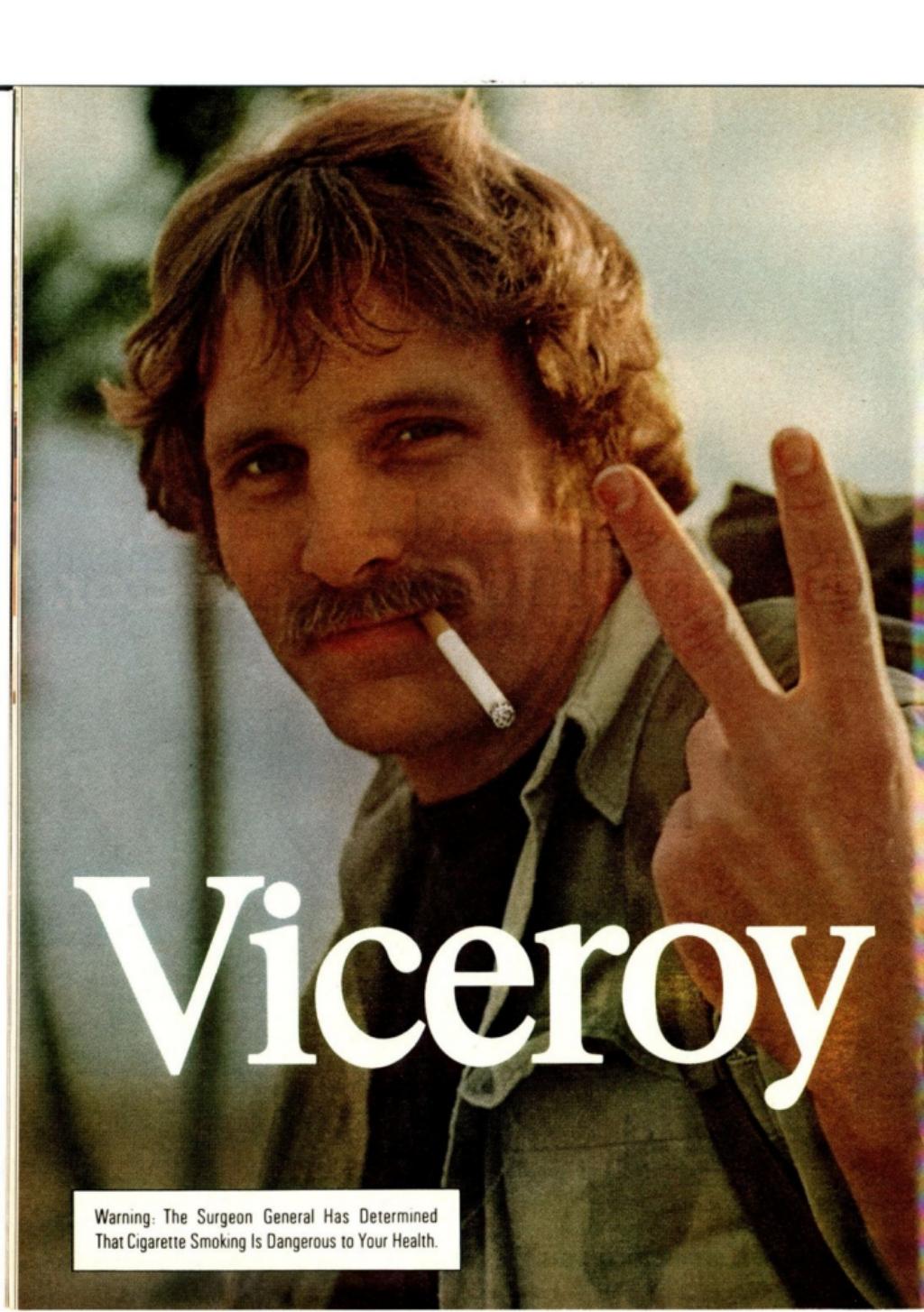
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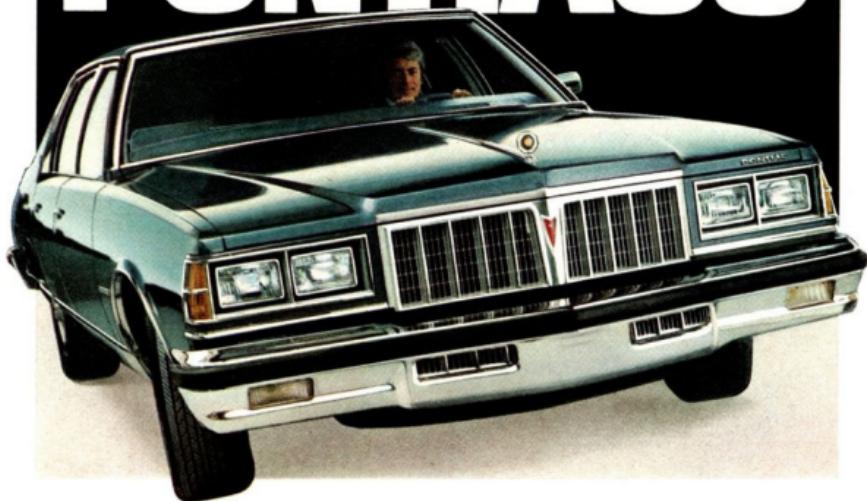
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Americana

Omnia Vincit Amor

Valentine's Day was different this year in Massachusetts: it was 96 hours long. The extension was due to Governor Michael Dukakis, who realized that the recent blizzard had left ardent suitors trapped in several feet of snow. Worse, merchants estimated that they would lose \$10 million worth of sales of candy, flowers and greeting cards. So Dukakis extended the Tuesday holiday to Friday, for "spiritual as well as economic reasons." To fulfill the spirit of the thing, he sent Valentine messages to his wife Kitty all week long.



Die Now, Pay Later

Death and taxes may be two great inevitabilities, but they are usually thought to be mutually exclusive. Kenneth Swenka, 48, a farmer in North Liberty, Iowa, found otherwise after the death of his three-year-old German shepherd, Lobo. When Swenka went to pay his county



property taxes, he learned that they included a \$1 levy on Lobo. Swenka told the authorities that the dog was dead, but was informed that since the tax had already been officially registered, he would have to pay. He reluctantly agreed. Then he found out that by Iowa law, the dog's tax could not be paid until the animal's license had been renewed, and it could not be renewed until Lobo had been revaccinated against rabies. Swenka offered to exhume his pet, but the county auditor finally agreed to waive the rules—and accepted the \$1 in tax.

Many of Iowa's 99 county auditors have run up against similar problems and have recommended that the dog tax be abolished. Debate on such a bill is expected to start shortly in the Iowa legislature. Some local farmers like Swenka, who might be expected to favor abolishing the tax, are inclined to take the opposite view. Reason: the dog tax finances replacement of livestock killed by wild dogs and other predators.

Observes Swenka: "Lobo never gave me any trouble until he died."

Like Irritable Children

A man in Chicago spent hours shoveling snow to make a parking space, but when he returned to the spot with his car, he discovered that a woman had just parked there. Angry words, a scuffle, gunfire. The woman was shot to death.

That was the most violent sign to date of a common syndrome in the Midwest these days. Psychiatrists have a time-honored name for it: cabin fever. Many snowed-under Midwesterners are "behaving like irritable children," says Northwestern University Psychiatrist Harold Visotsky. Adds University of Illinois Psychologist Christopher Keys: "Family groups feel more crowded. People who live alone feel their loneliness intensified. The cards are stacked against everyone."



Better Late Than Never

"Grow old along with me!" said Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. "The best is yet to be." Meyer Lansky, 75, the Russian-born Methuselah of the underworld, once directed Murder, Inc., held the Mafia franchise for Havana and brought organized gambling to the Bahamas; but he has survived all to become a little old Miami Beach senior citizen. Now he lives quietly, Lansky told a visitor from the Miami News, enjoying a complete absence of memory ("There is no such thing as organized crime"). What does he do with his spare time? Well, he reads: "Lately, philosophy—just now I'm reading Spinoza." One might wonder what the 17th century Dutch-Jewish mathematical rationalist would have had to say to a retired racketeer. Perhaps this, from Spinoza's *Ethics*: "He who cannot govern his desires, and keep them in check with the fear of the laws . . . cannot enjoy with contentment the knowledge and love of God."



ILLUSTRATION: GENEVIEVE THIBAULT AND SPINACETTO

What's in a Number?

Remember that man in Minnesota who wanted, for various obscure philosophical reasons, to change his name legally from Mr. Michael Herbert Dengler to Mr. 1069? The one who had so much trouble obtaining a driver's license and getting utility companies to accept his unique numerical self-designation? Last week Judge Donald Barbeau of Hennepin County district court reached his decision on the unusual case. "Dehumanization is widespread," he declared. "To allow the use of a number instead of a name would only provide additional nourishment upon which the illness of the dehumanization is able to feed and grow." With that, the judge rejected poor 1069's request.

MIDDLE EAST

Clash Between Friends

The U.S. and Israel quarrel over warplanes and settlements

Relations between Jerusalem and Washington hit a new low last week. Israeli Premier Menachem Begin lashed out at the Carter Administration, and particularly at Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, for "taking sides against Israel in criticizing the existence of Israeli settlements in the Sinai. Two days later the Carter Administration announced its long awaited decision to permit the sale of nearly \$3 billion worth of advanced jet aircraft to Egypt and Saudi Arabia, as well as \$1.9 billion worth of planes to Israel. The Israelis protested loudly, especially about the sale to the Saudis. But neither Washington nor Jerusalem can afford to let the argument get out of hand, and so the Administration announced that Begin would visit Washington again within the next two or three weeks to talk things over.

The sharpest exchange centered on the legality of the Israeli settlements. Two weeks ago, Vance not only declared that the U.S. considered the settlements illegal and an obstacle to peace but also added that they "should not exist." Although his comments reflected longstanding U.S. policy, Vance's words were a bit blunter than usual, and they made Begin see red. Summoning reporters, the Premier read what was surely the toughest official Israeli blast at Washington since Golda Meir rejected the Rogers peace plan eight years ago. The statement expressed "regret and protest" about the Vance remark, insisted that the settlements were "legal, legitimate and essential," and even suggested that Vance's views on the matter did not square with those of his boss. President Carter defended his Secretary of State the next day in a firm statement read by Press Secretary Jody Powell: There was "no contradiction" between Vance's remark and any statement ever made by the President.

No issue has poisoned U.S.-Israeli relations more than that of the settlements. The present misunderstanding ap-

parently started last summer when State Department legal experts began giving some credence to Israeli arguments that settlements within existing army camps located on occupied territory are not illegal under Article 49 of the Fourth Geneva Convention; it says that "the occupying power shall not deport or transfer parts of its own civilian population into the territory it occupies." Thereafter, on Oct. 2, the Begin government authorized the first of nine new settlements. The problem lies in the fact that the last four

reservations about every subject every time he talks with the President? My God, at that rate every talk would take months!"

Some influential Israelis are beginning to express similar frustrations. Former Premier Yitzhak Rabin spoke out sharply against Begin's settlements policy, accusing him of preoccupation with legalisms that are "childish and of no account in serious political situations." He added, "What facts is the government trying to create in the midst of the negotiation process? What would happen if the other side tried to do such things? How can one respect a government that carries out settlements whether under an archaeological [i.e., the disputed West Bank settlement at Shiloh] or a security cover?" Rabin's summary of how his successor has handled the negotiations: "An ill-conceived failure."

Begin had even more to complain about when the Carter Administration announced its long awaited "package" proposal for the sale of aircraft to Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Israel. According to the plan, Egypt will be permitted to buy 50 F-5E short-range fighter-bombers—its first warplanes from the U.S.—at a cost of \$400 million; Saudi Arabia will be allowed to buy 60 of one of the world's most sophisticated fighters, the F-15, at a cost of \$2.5 billion, to replace its aging fleet of British Lightning jets; and Israel will be permitted to buy 15 F-15s (in addition to 25 currently being delivered), as well as 75 of the smaller but still very advanced F-16 (total cost: \$1.9 billion).

Jerusalem is determined to fight the sale to the Saudis on the ground that it represents a strategic threat to Israel's security. Said a high Foreign Ministry official to TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff: "Does anyone doubt that in a future war the Saudis would come under Arab pressure to use these planes against Israel?" As it is, the Saudis along with Egypt, Qatar and the United Arab



President Carter meeting with Foreign Minister Dayan at the White House

Neither government could afford to let the argument get out of hand.

of these settlements were placed in army "camps" that had been created only a few weeks earlier—and obviously for the sole purpose of providing an excuse for a civilian settlement. At Karmel Shomron, a West Bank settlement into which civilians moved last week, the military facilities consist of a single guard hut and two shacks for billeting ten to 20 reservists.

Begin's emotional outburst on the settlements issue raised new doubts about his government's interest in seeing its talks with Egypt succeed. One U.S. official exclaimed: "Our position against settlements is more than ten years old. Do we have to mention every one of our

War at 33 Miles a Minute

Bogey! Contact! I have a Judy at 2 o'clock! Splash!" That clipped series of radio messages—from an F-15 pilot reporting a "kill" during a training mission—tells much about modern air combat and why the planes best at it are in demand. Translated, the pilot's message is that his radar has locked onto an enemy plane—a "Judy" in U.S. airmen's jargon—67° to the right of his aircraft and that the missile he fired sent the enemy spiraling into the sea. Flying at speeds of up to 2,000 m.p.h.—33 miles a minute—the pilot got his splash faster than it took him to tell about it.

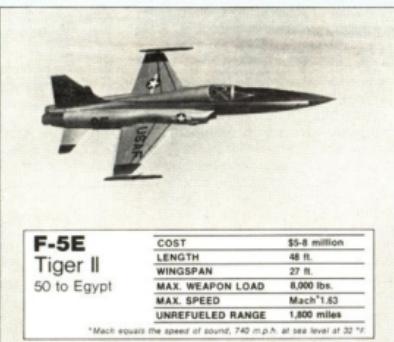
No foreign fighter in the air today, including the Soviet Union's MiG-25 Foxbat, is deadlier than the twin-engine, \$16 million F-15 that the Carter Administration wants to sell to Israel and Saudi Arabia. "It's beautiful," says Brigadier General John T. Chain Jr., who has been flying F-15s since they became operational three years ago. "It's the first fighter aircraft that has all the capabilities a pilot wants: high thrust, tight turning, great visibility and every switch in the right place in a cockpit designed for the pilot."

Among its weapons is the Sparrow air-to-air missile. It can destroy an enemy plane at a distance of about 28 miles, compared with the two-mile range of the smaller Sidewinders carried by the F-16 that Israel may also get and the F-5Es slated for Egypt. The F-15 can also carry a wide assortment of weapons, including nuclear bombs—though the planes to be sold to the Saudis and the Israelis will not be equipped to carry these. Managing this arsenal, while also flying at speed and keeping track of other craft, can be a handful, which is why pilots are particularly fond of the Heads Up Display panel, or HUD. This is a device that projects all the computerized combat- and flight-performance data right onto the windshield in a green phosphorescence that stands out even in strong sunlight. Thus the pilot does not have to look down at his instruments and can keep his eyes on the sky ahead—with an occasional glance at his rear-view mirror to see what may be behind him.

The smaller, lighter, single-engine F-16 is much different—"a fighter pilot's airplane," says Air Force Colonel James Rider, chief of the F-16 test program. At \$8 million the F-16 is half as expensive as the big F-15 and much more maneuverable. Although the plane does not have the F-15's speed or payload, it can outmaneuver any other plane in the sky. Among other advances, it has computer-controlled wings that automatically change shape during tight, fast moves, allowing a pilot to shake off a pursuing plane and most missiles in wrenching operations, like 360° revolving turns. Fortunately, F-16s have a special seat that tilts back 30°, like a barber's chair, to ease the punishing pull of gravity in sharp turns and loops. As a result, says Rider: "you are as comfortable in a 7.5-G turn in the F-16 as you were at about 5 Gs in the F-4 Phantom."

Because the F-16 is so quick, a pilot swooping down to shoot up a column of trucks is apt to see a brown blur as he races over the ground. So, for strafing runs, there is a computerized control system that will hold the F-16 on target as its guns fire away. 6,000 rounds a minute.

The F-5E fighter-bomber that the White House proposes to sell to Egypt is the current version of a design that is now 23 years old and has no advantages over the F-15s and F-16s except price (as little as \$5 million). But the planes are already the workhorses of the Royal Saudi Air Force and could be useful to Egypt at least for defensive purposes. Since they carry two 20mm electric machine guns and 7,000 lbs. of bombs, they can also be used effectively to support ground troops. Egyptian pilots who trained in Soviet aircraft with Russian instructors may get a shock in the U.S.; the Air Force has 50 first-rate F-5E instructors who happen to be women.



F-5E
Tiger II
50 to Egypt

COST	\$5.8 million
LENGTH	48 ft.
WINGSPAN	27 ft.
MAX. WEAPON LOAD	8,000 lbs.
MAX. SPEED	Mach 1.63
UNREFUELED RANGE	1,800 miles

*Mach equals the speed of sound, 740 m.p.h. at sea level at 32 °F



F-15
Eagle
15 to Israel
60 to Saudi Arabia

COST	\$16 million
LENGTH	64 ft.
WINGSPAN	43 ft.
MAX. WEAPON LOAD	16,000 lbs.
MAX. SPEED	above Mach 2.5
UNREFUELED RANGE	3,450 miles



F-16
75 to Israel

COST	\$8 million
LENGTH	48 ft.
WINGSPAN	31 ft.
MAX. WEAPON LOAD	11,000 lbs.
MAX. SPEED	above Mach 2
UNREFUELED RANGE	2,000 miles

World

Emirates, plan to spend \$10 billion to construct a new military-manufacturing city of 80,000 to 100,000 people 35 miles southeast of Riyadh, the Saudi capital. Its purpose: to build air-to-air and air-to-surface missile systems.

Congress has the power to block Carter's warplane sale plan, and there is bound to be a big fight over it on Capitol Hill this spring. Eleven members of the 15-man Senate Foreign Relations Committee had previously warned Vance against the sale to the Saudis. In 1976 Gerald Ford had promised the Saudis the F-15, but decided not to proceed with the sale during an election year. Reminded of that commitment by Riyadh, Carter agreed to honor Ford's pledge. The President also felt it important to extend arms to Sadat at this stage; he reasoned that for domestic political reasons it would be best to announce the latest decision on

arms sales to the Israelis at the same time.

The numbers of planes involved were worked out scrupulously, and a high Administration official insists, "These numbers are not subject to a lot of haggling." Washington also maintains that the sales would not alter the basic military balance in the region. But, as critics of the decision's timing point out, since deliveries of the F-15s and F-16s are nearly four years away, the announcement could have been delayed until progress had been made in resumed talks between Egypt and Israel.

The next chapter in the Middle East negotiations will begin when Assistant Secretary of State Alfred ("Roy") Atherton resumes the shuttle between Cairo and Jerusalem in an effort to get the two sides to agree on a statement of principles that would govern a peace agreement. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat had left Cairo

three weeks ago in a mood of depression. He returned last week buoyed by the support he received in the U.S. and in six European nations.

On the Israeli side, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan was already in the U.S. to do some fund raising and talk with Carter and Vance; after his session at the White House, he noted that "significant differences" remained regarding the settlements and the plane sale to the Saudis. Next week Defense Minister Ezer Weizman is due in Washington, and Begin will probably arrive the week after that. Washington wags were already debating whether Begin would get the same treatment, including a Camp David weekend, as Sadat. Joked one Jewish community leader: "We clocked Carter when he went to meet Sadat on the White House lawn. He'd better not walk any slower toward Begin."

The President's Shuttler

A diplomat's diplomat. The quintessential foreign-service officer. A cool professional who never betrays emotions. These are some of the phrases that his colleagues use to describe the man whom President Carter has selected as his special ambassador to the Israeli-Egyptian political talks. Alfred Leroy ("Roy") Atherton Jr., 56, Cyrus Vance's Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, deserves equal praise for sacrificial obedience. After 30 years in the foreign service, 14 of them dealing directly with the ever-boiling Middle East cauldron, Atherton would have preferred a more relaxed ambassadorial assignment. As Author Edward R.F. Sheehan said of Atherton in his chronicle of shuttle diplomacy, *The Arabs, Israelis, and Kissinger*, "He yearns to escape Washington, to win a quiet embassy where he can glimpse the Mediterranean, take naps in the afternoon, enjoy the laughter of his wife."

Instead of all this, Atherton is taking on an arduous mission that may run for years and still end in failure. His glimpses of the Mediterranean will be limited to what he can see on shuttle flights between Cairo, Jerusalem and Damascus (as well as Amman and Riyadh). One consolation at least is that Wife Betty will be along.

Atherton's new job is all the more difficult because he will be following in the contrails of both his own boss and Henry Kissinger. As Secretaries of State, they were able to speak directly for their Presidents, and could make decisions on the spot. While Atherton clearly lacks that kind of authority, he is ideally suited for the latest shuttle. Reason: he is more familiar than any other American diplomat with the technical problems that will dominate the political discussions.

An electrical engineer's son who worked his way through Harvard waiting on tables and selling newspapers, Atherton earned a master's degree in history in 1947. When he joined the foreign service, he had an eye on a career in Europe. After a stint in West Germany, he was transferred to State's Near Eastern and South Asian bureau—NEA in Foggy Bottom shorthand—and given assignments in Damascus and the Syrian city of Aleppo in the turbulent 1950s. While based in Syria, Atherton defied an unwritten State Department rule by taking a vacation in Israel, on the theory that it would help him understand both sides of the Middle East controversy.

REININGER—CONTACT



Assistant Secretary of State Alfred L. Atherton Jr.

Reassigned to Washington in 1965, Atherton rose steadily, from desk officer to director for Israel and Arab-Israel Affairs, Deputy Assistant Secretary for NEA under Joseph J. Sisco and finally, in 1974, Assistant Secretary. A workaholic, he spends at least twelve hours a day six days a week and half of Sunday in his office.

In a distinguished career, Atherton has suffered one embarrassment. It involved the 1976 publication of Sheehan's book on Kissinger and Middle East policy. Atherton, who had taken copious notes during shuttle negotiations, with Kissinger's implicit approval, briefed Sheehan on what took place. As it happened, publication of the book coincided with a much publicized Kissinger complaint about Capitol Hill leaks of CIA information. Embarrassed by what appeared to be a leak in his own department, Kissinger called Sheehan's quotes unauthorized; Atherton publicly assumed blame and was given a "serious reprimand." Last week, however, Kissinger described his onetime aide as "the very best kind of foreign-service officer." Said the old reprimander: "He helped keep our Middle East policy alive through four Administrations, and he's an extraordinarily fine and decent human being on top of it."

Reach for the sky.



The New Camaro

What's new under the moon? For starters, there's Camaro's available new roof with tinted glass panels. Easily removed, the panels store right in the trunk. And from that moment on, the sky's the limit.

If there's anything that can compare with the looks of a Camaro, it's the performance of a Camaro. Take it out on the open road. You'll see what we mean.

For 1978, Camaro bears a new and exciting look. This

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The new Camaro. If you want to reach the sky.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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World

RHODESIA

Blueprint for Black Power—Maybe

Under increasing pressure, Smith decides to strike a deal

It is a victory for moderation," beamed Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith last week. Standing on the sunny lawn of a red brick civil service building in Salisbury, Smith announced that he and three black nationalist leaders had reached agreement on a formula for black majority rule in Rhodesia. The proposal, which came after 2½ months of almost daily negotiations, would bring to an end 90 years of white rule in the breakaway British colony, something Smith himself

Salisbury last year, when he decided to return from his self-imposed exile to help work out a settlement. Sithole (who was traveling and thus was represented at last week's talks by a colleague, Elliot Gabela) does not enjoy Muzorewa's popularity, but he is considered to be a skillful political tactician. He also commands considerable financial resources from big London-based donors. Senator Chirau has the firmest political base among the conservative tribal chiefs, who still in-

ment is "a significant step toward majority rule."

But America's U.N. Ambassador, Andrew Young, complained that the Smith plan does not address "the issues that have some 40,000 people fighting." Even so, Washington may eventually find itself facing an uncomfortable problem: How can it continue to push for a settlement that includes Nkomo and Mugabe if London decides to endorse Smith's accord with the moderates?

A looming danger noted by Young is that "there would be a massive commitment of Soviet weapons" to the Front that could touch off a brutal "black-on-black civil war." Indeed, the Front already gets most of its arms from Russia and China, and Moscow's eagerness to use African disputes to advance its own aims was demonstrated anew with its infusion of arms and advisers into Ethiopia.

With mounting military pressures from the Patriotic Front, growing casualties and the increasing costs of fighting an expensive war, Smith had been forced to conclude that he could no longer maintain white minority rule. Thus last year he sent out feelers to the black leaders to come home to make a deal. It was and is a calculated gamble. The settlement could grow very shaky when Smith and the blacks actually sit down to try to form a transition government. For one thing, Smith has vowed to remain in control until after the white referendum, something that may not go down well with the blacks. For another, the government, whoever is in charge, will almost surely be faced with a step-up in the guerrilla war that will put new burdens on the hard-pressed Rhodesian army.

Smith hopes that his readiness to transfer power to Rhodesia's blacks will yield important dividends. By making his regime appear reasonable, for instance, the settlement could gain international recognition for Salisbury and an end to economic sanctions. There also could be a decline in guerrilla recruitment and a return of some black fighters loyal to the factions of Muzorewa and Sithole. If these hopes are fulfilled, the wily Smith will have finessed what has been perhaps the toughest challenge of his long political career. But if these hopes are false, then his settlement may prove to have been yet another wasted hour in Rhodesia's race against the clock.



Ian Smith (right) with Elliot Gabela, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Jeremiah Chirau

Only a few years ago, the motto was never in a thousand years.

only a few years ago vowed would never happen "in a thousand years."

Many details, particularly on the makeup of a transition government, remain to be worked out. Moreover, the plan must be ratified in a referendum by Rhodesia's white voters. The proposal does, however, lay out the basic blueprint for a constitution, offering both new voting rights to the country's 6.4 million blacks and strong guarantees to its 268,000 whites. Chief among the stipulations is a new 100-seat Parliament, in which 28 seats would be reserved for whites for ten years, most to be elected under a formula that ensures domination by Smith's own Rhodesian Front Party.

The three black leaders—Bishop Abel Muzorewa, 52; the Rev. Ndbaningi Sithole, 57; and Senator Jeremiah Chirau, 54—are generally conceded to command a broad following among Rhodesia's blacks. Muzorewa, an American-educated Methodist minister and leader of the United African National Council, was welcomed back by a crowd of 200,000 in

fluence millions of the country's blacks.

A major difficulty, however, is the fact that the proposed settlement does not include representatives of the Patriotic Front, which has some 17,000 guerrillas in neighboring Mozambique and Zambia engaged in a war of attrition with the Smith government. As expected, Front Leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe castigated the internal settlement plan and vowed to step up the fighting. "We are going to hit each other hard," Nkomo said ominously after the announcement last week. "We intend to finish [Smith] up."

The settlement may pose a sticky dilemma for the U.S. and Britain, which have been trying to negotiate a transfer of power in Rhodesia that would include Nkomo and Mugabe. British Foreign Secretary David Owen, for example, has been sharply critical of the talks between Salisbury and the moderate black nationalists. But last week he responded to a barrage of Tory questions in the House of Commons by conceding that the agree-

"Here to Stay"

For a look at how the small, strained but proficient Rhodesian army is preparing to handle its changing role, TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter spent ten days touring the military zones on both the Mozambique border and along the Zambezi River opposite Zambia. His report:

In the five years since Rhodesia de-

World

clared that it was officially at war, the army has changed greatly. In many respects, the struggle resembles a World War II campaign in an African setting. There are battered green Dakota aircraft, ration packs, small base camps of white-washed canteens and dusty beer halls, tin-roofed headquarters rooms with map-covered walls and the whine of heavy trucks stripping their gears in the red clay sludge that passes for roads. Rhodesia's 9,000-man army is less than a U.S. Army division in strength, and its war is still mainly fought at the level of small patrols—four and five-man army "sticks" and ten-man guerrilla sections seeking to hunt and kill in a heavy bush terrain.

For a Rhodesian soldier, a typical day begins with dawn patrols that involve setting out from an overnight jungle camp for a tramp in slept-in fatigues across deep grass, mountain trails and through village kraals. In the bush, visibility is often limited to a few yards: one stick recently ambushed a guerrilla group that had been sleeping less than 50 yards away. In the present summer season, rains flood the rivers and the jungle trails that make up the infiltration routes. By July, the middle of the arid winter season, the water holes will have dried up; the soldiers will have to quench their thirst at the stagnant pools buffaloes use for wallowing. Ticks, fleas and horseflies are constant irritants, and at night elephant herds have been known to lumber blindly through troop positions. But the main hazard is the growing number of guerrillas coming across the borders. Says one major: "No army has ever had to fight a guerrilla war like this, on a one-to-one basis."

The Rhodesians have developed an aggressive tactical approach to bush warfare. Infantry soldiers in black kit and camouflage are simply dropped off on a main road to walk into the jungle. There they may remain for two or three weeks without relief or resupply, living off the land or out of their rations (including rice and a thick African corn-meal paste called *sadza*). Whether tracking guerrillas by day or setting up ambush positions at night, the "troops" communicate by hand signals as they search out foot and boot prints, bowed grass, broken camps or other varieties of "terr spoor," army slang for terrorist tracks. Says Major James Cromar, 43, a reserve commander stationed near the Mozambique border: "We have created a top-rate bush fighter. You can drop an average reserve trooper anywhere in the country at night with a compass, and he can give you a six-figure grid reading which can put you within 100 yards of his position."

To inflict maximum casualties, the army chases and traps guerrilla bands, then calls in heavy firepower, like the airborne "fire force" units that raided guerrilla bases in Mozambique last year. One Rhodesian unit even claims a world record. Its members made three parachute jumps into separate combat actions in a single day. Fire force officers say they have been responsible for at least 80% of the more than 4,000 guerrillas killed in the war so far.

Army service has become a way of reacting against the helplessness of being civilian targets of terrorism, especially for

was 23. Says a senior field officer: "A lot of them were married with very young families, totally unprepared for any war situation. Many of those draftees finally left the country." Sometimes it was just the wife who packed up: stories still circulate of men who completed their army tours to return home and find no one there. But morale has improved, both in the field and on the home fronts. "Everybody always talks about leaving, but I think I'll brace it out," says a lance corporal. "When you come out after you've had a few contacts, you can feel it's a job well done." The country's isolation may even have strengthened the soldiers' defiant belief in their professionalism. Laughs Reserve Rifleman Pat Thompson, a welder: "Rhodesians enjoy their status. Everyone likes being called a rebel."

But why such rebels go on fighting is far less easy to explain. Theirs is not a war against blacks: as a result of a massive recruitment drive, the army is now more than two-thirds black. Mixed field training has begun, the first 13 black officers have been commissioned, and black troopers are taking their places in integrated sticks—all with little hostility from whites so far.

Many of the black recruits come from guerrilla target areas in the tribal trust lands. Some come from army, police or other families identified as pro-government. A few join simply for the money, even though, at \$87 a month, a black soldier makes only a fourth of what a white one does. The army tries to protect its black recruits from reprisals, but not always successfully. One sad example is Rifleman Arimando Changaideya, 27: his father was killed by terrorists last March, his uncle was beaten up in June and died a month later, and last December his wife, mother and two children were shot and mutilated. He learned about their deaths when he went home on leave last month. "I won't go home again," he says. "I still have seven years to serve."

The soldiers are contemptuous of the guerrillas, whom they dismiss (in the words of one sergeant) as "nothing but a bunch of bloody garden boys with weapons." Top officers are confident that the army will not lose, militarily, and that it will have to be disbanded before it is beaten.

But that is not the future this army is preparing for. Having grown from a ceremonial outfit good mainly for parades to a tested combat force, these soldiers seem ready to take on the far more complex mission that will face them when they are doing their fighting for a black-dominated government. ■



Black and white Rhodesians on maneuvers
World War II in an African setting

reservists, who, after completing the mandatory 24 months of active duty, spend at least half of each year on rotating one- and two-month call-ups. Striking back has produced a kind of cocky resilience that has hardened the army's resolve to go on fighting. Gallows humor is abundant. "The bloke got triple-tapped," a sergeant recounted one day about a luckless but still alive friend near the Zambian border. "He was stripped from a corporal to a private in the morning, got blown up at night by a land mine going into position, hit another mine on the way back and was mortared when they zeroed in on his base."

When major mobilization began in early 1976, the average age of the draftees

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World

AFRICA

A Desert Duel Keeps Heating Up

Lots of advisers but very few prisoners in the Ogaden

The war between Ethiopia and Somalia in the Horn of Africa ground grimly on last week. On the battlefield the Ethiopians and their Soviet and Cuban advisers, who are now thought to total about 6,000, were clearly gaining in their drive to oust Somalian forces from Ethiopia's Ogaden desert region. But if the Somalis were running scared, there was little sign of it in their capital, Mogadishu. The mood was all but jubilant, as the government announced a general mobilization and inducted 30,000 volunteers, including women and 15-year-olds, in a national militia.

Somalia's President Mohammed Siad Barre, who was Moscow's most loyal friend in the area until he kicked the Russians out last November, stepped up his appeals (so far unsuccessful) for Western military support. "If the Russians are not thrown out of this region," he told an interviewer, "the third world war could break out."

In Ethiopia, Lieut. Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, leader of the ruling Provisional Military Council in Addis Ababa, was directing his anger at Washington. During a government-sponsored press tour (see following story), Mengistu accused the U.S. (falsely) of indirectly supplying arms to Somalia. At week's end an American delegation led by David Aaron, deputy director of the National Security Council, arrived in the Ethiopian capital to urge Mengistu not to burn his remaining bridges with the U.S. Last week TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief David Wood was in the Ogaden. His report:

Somewhere deep in the stony, inhospitable Ogaden desert, a vicious war is being fought with sophisticated weaponry and ground troops made up largely of ill-trained and illiterate peasants. But while the outside world has been denied a look at the actual fighting, the devastation left in the wake of advancing and retreating armies is evident enough.

Outside Harar, a major town in the Ogaden, Somali tanks and artillery fought for two months against Ethiopian defenders dug into the hillsides. Along the front, small huts of clay bricks and thatched grass roofs were burned by occupying Somali forces, then hit by rockets and bombs from Ethiopian warplanes. Now the rubble lies mixed with brass shell casings, shattered steel helmets and bodies left to rot when the war passed through.

Fedis, an agricultural center of 5,000, is deserted. The dirt streets of the village are strewn with torn clothing, bricks, pieces of tin roof and spent shells. When the rockets came, the people fled. A few

hundred have turned up in Harar, a day's walk away, where they took shelter in warehouses, their bundles of belongings arranged in a circle around each family. The rest exist in the bush, watching the kites (scavenging hawks) circle their villages. Last week the Ethiopian air force dropped leaflets telling the villagers it was safe to return home. Most declined.

At the military airfield at Dira Dawa, dozens of green-and-brown-camouflaged MiG-17s and 21s thunder off into the sky each day to strike at Somali forces hundreds of miles away. As they roar down the runway, mules pulling carts plod past



"Counterrevolutionary" killed in Addis Ababa
Not all the results are in.

the barbed-wire boundaries of the tarmac, carrying jugs of water. The combatants themselves are hardly better off. There are indications on both sides that the greenest troops are pushed into the front lines. One captured Somali who said he was 13 years old was shown off by the Ethiopians in Harar. The youth claimed he had been forced into the army, given two months' training and sent to the front.

In the latest round of heavy fighting, which began during the last week of January around Harar, the Ethiopians say they have lost 500 to 700 dead and 1,500 wounded and have killed some 2,000 Somali army regulars. The actual figures are almost certainly higher, but the Ethiopian claim to have taken only 17 prisoners is probably accurate: both sides expect their soldiers to die fighting, and each side claims the other has special squads to eliminate troops that surrender.

Western diplomats in the area believe

that while the Ethiopians have settled in for a long campaign to push the Somalis out of the Ogaden, the war could end fairly quickly if the Somalis decide to pull their army back, intact, behind their border. Indeed there was some indication that they were withdrawing their heavy artillery. But according to Somalian officials, this merely signals a shift back to guerrilla tactics against the Ethiopian forces. If the Somalis do execute a full retreat, there is now no serious concern that the Ethiopians will try to occupy any Somali territory, although in their discussions with U.S. diplomats in Addis Ababa, Soviet officials have refused to rule out "hot pursuit" missions across the border.

In assessing the situation, a U.S. diplomat points out that "not all the results are in yet on the Soviet gamble on the Horn." For one thing, the Ethiopian regime's loyalty to Moscow has yet to be deeply tested. Mengistu is a nationalist above all, and there may be some truth in his claim that he turned to Moscow partly because the U.S. would not sell him weapons. In any case, the Soviets can hardly escape the many reminders of how quickly allegiances can change on the Horn. The Ethiopian soldiers still wear American-supplied uniforms: their weapons, ammunition and even their slang are mostly U.S.-issue too. Only a few have the new caps, supplied by the Soviets, that sport a hammer and sickle.

"Let's See the War, Dammit!"

As it pressed its drive in the Ogaden, Ethiopia's regime launched another campaign on an entirely new front: world opinion. Having virtually closed the country to foreign newsmen for months, Mengistu's government suddenly invited reporters from Western and East bloc news organizations to come for a ten-day visit. More than 90 correspondents turned up last week for what was billed as a guided look at the war and the Marxist government's revolution at home.

Just how guided the tour would be became clear soon after the visitors arrived in Addis Ababa. "The boom came down hard on the first day," reported TIME's David Wood. A slight, wiry official showed up at the Ghion Hotel and told the reporters: "We will insist that you stay at this hotel and that you stick to the official program." He was not kidding. His instructions were enforced by pistol-toting guards stationed outside the hotel. Anyone trying to make the normal round of journalistic contacts with diplomats and other sources—or even to go to a restaurant—was stopped cold. Taxi drivers were forbidden to pick up the reporters. "They can't tell you that," Wood said to one cabby. "Oh, they can tell us anything," whispered the driver, as a guard heaved a few feet away.

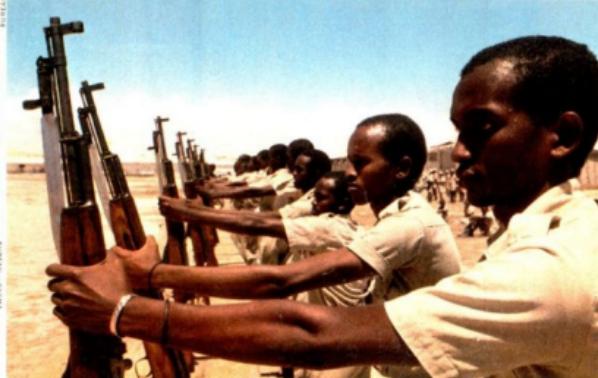
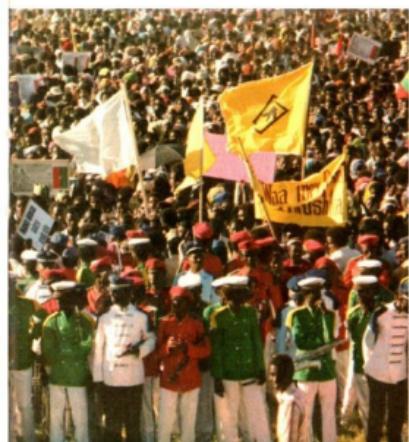
Instead of being taken for a prom-



ETHIOPIA: Soviet planes used in the arms lift to Addis Ababa lined up at city's airport last week (top), while Somali weapons captured in the Ogaden are displayed in the town of Harar (right) and Ethiopian militiamen parade



SOMALIA: Citizens in Mogadishu, the capital, join mass demonstration (left) after declaration of a state of emergency and calls for volunteers. Soldiers train in preparation to enter the fighting



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World

ised firsthand look at the war, the correspondents were carted off for sightseeing at former Emperor Haile Selassie's palace and repeatedly mustered for "press conferences" that turned into lengthy Marxist lectures. That was not surprising. The tour was being guided by two outfits that run the Marxist indoctrination program inside the country, the Ethiopian Revolutionary Information Committee (ERIC) and the Provisional Office for Mass Organizational Affairs (POMOA). Explained one official: "Ninety-five percent of Ethiopia is illiterate, and this jargon stuff is designed to try to communicate some very complex ideas to them. I'm sorry it's being used on you as well." The argument did not go down well with a disgruntled Soviet correspondent, who might have been expected to be more tolerant of the relentless ideologizing. "This is all silly schoolboy rhetoric," he said. "Let's get out and see the war, dammit!"

By the second day, a full-scale revolt was on. David Lamb of the Los Angeles *Times* excused himself during lunch and never rejoined the tour. Randy Daniels of CBS-TV staged a loud argument with an official and the guards in the hotel lobby, while his film crew slipped out the back way to shoot pictures of their own choice. Others left the hotel before the guards were awake. By midweek about half of the Western reporters had disengaged themselves from the official program and were scurrying around interviewing or taking pictures of bodies sprawled on the sidewalks—victims of the regime's "red terror" campaign of night-time assassination of Ethiopians whom it deems counterrevolutionaries.

At a cocktail party, an Ethiopian officially smilingly told the reporters that "we may be forced to take a revolutionary step against those deviating from the program." Since "revolutionary step" is the government euphemism for an execution, the bad joke drew some ragged laughter—but not from those who had heard the staccato of automatic-rifle fire near the hotel before the party began.

By week's end relations between the press and the government had deteriorated beyond repair. Several Western reporters were accused of being CIA agents because they tried to take pictures of a burned-out Somali tank near the front, and two photographers were detained for three hours for taking pictures of bodies on the streets. A group of American journalists was even denied permission to attend a U.S. embassy reception, prompting an official American protest to the Ethiopian foreign ministry. The tour ended with a canned press conference at which Mengistu answered questions which had been submitted by the correspondents earlier in the week. Most of the reporters promptly packed their bags and set off for Somalia, where despite nine years of Marxist rule, journalists are now free to roam about at will. ■

DENMARK

Taxation on Trial

An artful dodger gets clipped

If you've got a toothache, see a dentist; if it's a pain in your taxes, come to me." With that crude but compelling slogan, Mogens Glistrup, Denmark's premier tax-dodger artist and maverick politician, not only made himself a millionaire but also built the country's second largest party, which now holds 26 of the 179 seats in parliament. Last week, after a 3½-year trial, a Copenhagen court found him guilty on a host of charges involving fraud and tax evasion and directed him to pay \$880,000 in fines and back taxes. Glistrup's chief crime: swindling the state out of more than \$1 million by exploiting tax loopholes in a scheme so labyrinthine that it took a team of investigators nearly three years to unravel it.

Tax Attorney Glistrup had attracted scores of wealthy clients through his enterprising use of the deductions allowed by Danish law on debt interest. Essentially, he set up a string of 2,716 dummy firms for his clients—bearing such mock names as the Lyngby Umbrella Rental Co. and the RXPQY-240 Co. These paper enterprises could then absorb the paper debts of Glistrup's clientele and pay income taxes at half the rate charged to private persons. Glistrup split the savings with his clients, who were able to enter less punishing tax brackets. In some cases, they managed to avoid paying taxes altogether, just like Glistrup.

Another complicated aspect of the dodge involved a relay system of accounting by which one company fed another its paper assets before the end of its fiscal year. This enabled each of the shells to meet the country's minimum conditions to be treated as a firm and thus qualify for the favorable tax rates.

Though he clearly was courting trouble, Glistrup turned his scorn for the tax laws that he used so well into a national crusade. Appearing on a TV talk show, he compared tax cheats with the guerrillas in the Danish underground who blew up Nazi-controlled railway lines during World War II. "Tax dodgers today are comparable to railroad saboteurs: they are doing a dangerous but useful job for the nation." Public response was so enthusiastic that Glistrup founded his

Progress Party in 1972. Its platform includes the dissolution of the Danish armed forces, the sale of Greenland to the U.S., biweekly elections, replacement of the country's cradle-to-grave welfare system with vending machines dispensing porridge—and, of course, abolition of taxation.

Glistrup concedes that his political road show is theater of the absurd, noting, "It beats Ionesco completely." Still, he touched a raw nerve in the Danes' severely aching economy. Already hurting from 10% inflation, Danes are afflicted with one of the world's highest individual income tax rates. On a graduated scale the tax bite ranges from a minimum of 44% on incomes up to \$11,600 to a maximum of 63% on earnings over \$21,000. To make matters worse, the gov-



Glistrup waving Danish flag after last week's verdict

An \$880,000 fine and a surge of psychological power.

ernment imposed a \$1 billion sales tax increase last fall to help balance a \$2.6 billion trade deficit and meet the welfare costs of 12% unemployment.

With that increase to egg him on, Glistrup kept up his antitax campaign, though he was scarcely, as he claimed to be, the most celebrated Dane since Hans Christian Andersen and Soren Kierkegaard. Before the court verdict was pronounced last week, the irrepressible tax dodger declared: "If you ask me what would crush my vitality, I believe it would be the judge's not-guilty verdict. That would hit me harder than a guilty verdict. My psychological power comes from fighting a battle in which I've been unfairly, horribly and absurdly treated." He got his wish. ■

Religion

New Debate over Jesus' Divinity

Germany's Hans Küng again challenges the Vatican

The belief that Jesus Christ was both "true God and true man" has been the bedrock of Catholic orthodoxy for more than 15 centuries. Yet over the past decade some Roman Catholic theologians have been at odds with the church hierarchy about this dogma. They argue that orthodox theology is too static and abstract and has overemphasized Jesus' divinity to the point where he has been stripped of his full humanity. One of the most outspoken advocates of this school of thought is Priest-Theologian Hans Küng, 49, of the University of Tübingen, Germany. Küng, who has previously struggled with the Vatican on other issues, has been accused by his country's bishops of disseminating dangerous views about Christ. Last week, after three years of futile negotiations, Küng issued his latest response to the bishops' charges.

This is not merely the conflict of one celebrity priest against the hierarchy, for Küng is part of an international group of theologians who are demanding that the Catholic Church take a bold new look at Christology (the theological interpretation of Christ). Influenced by liberal Protestants, these theologians are saying things about Christ's nature that only years ago would never have been uttered publicly by priests in good standing. Though these theologians still profess belief that Christ is divine, conservative opponents maintain that in the New Christology, Christ is not divine as he used to be.

At first the case was pressed in abstruse books of theology and all but inaccessible journals. Angry arguments were muffled behind closed clerical doors in The Netherlands, Germany and Rome. But in 1974 the debate became more general with the publication of Küng's *Christ Sein* (English edition: *On Being a Christian*; Doubleday, 1976), which quickly became Germany's bestselling religious book in a quarter-century.

In the book, Küng reinterpreted the dogmas that were hammered out by the church's early ecumenical councils to counter prevalent heresies that threatened to split the church. Those councils insisted that Jesus was really a man, not some sort of divine apparition. But they also asserted that he was the Son of God, part of the eternal Godhead. The first two councils crafted the Nicene Creed, which was formulated by A.D. 381 and has been recited at every Sunday Mass since the

11th century: Jesus is "eternally begotten of the Father . . . true God from true God . . . one in Being with the Father." The Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) refined this further, decreeing that Jesus Christ had two natures, divine and human, which were merged without confusion or change in one Person of the Trinity.

Küng wrote that nothing should be "deducted" from these ancient dogmas so long as they fit modern scholars' under-



Sixteenth century Holy Trinity, attributed to Lucas Cranach
Creating a "distressing insecurity of faith."

standing of the New Testament. But he argued that the dogmas must be "transferred to the mental climate of our own time." Küng's own paraphrase of the dogmas: God "was present, at work, speaking, acting and definitively revealing himself" in Jesus. The ancient statements that the Son "pre-existed" with the Father from eternity were meant merely to substantiate God's unique "call, offer and claim made known in and with Jesus."

The German bishops, authorized by the Vatican to handle the case, feared the book's wide influence and demanded amendments. They were not upset by what Küng said, but by what he did not

say. Letters passed back and forth, and a summit meeting with Küng was held a year ago in Stuttgart. Three months later, Joseph Cardinal Höffner, chairman of the bishops' conference, wrote a letter accusing Küng of evading a binding creed, and demanding in exasperation "Is Jesus Christ the pre-existing, eternal Son of God, one in being with the Father?" Because Küng continued to provide no flat answer, the hierarchy last November issued a formal warning that the book created a "distressing insecurity of faith" and charged that Küng had failed to explain how his Christology could be reconciled with the historic creeds.

Küng's reply is his 394-page *Um Nichts Als Die Wahrheit* (Nothing But the Truth), published last week by Piper Verlag. The book's full documentation of the dispute attempts to prove that Küng is the victim of an unfair inquisition. In a concluding proclamation, Küng states that he accepts the Chalcedon formula but that interpretations of it must follow the view of many modern scholars that Jesus did not proclaim himself as the eternal Son of God, nor did the early Christians. What is more, Küng argues, the ancient dogmas were flawed because they relied upon Greek concepts of man and nature that are now outdated.

Küng thinks that the bishops simply misunderstand his method. Like Jesuit Karl Rahner and other contemporary theologians, he starts his Christology "from below," with the man Jesus, and works upward toward his divinity. The council dogmas started "from above," with ideas about God's essence. Church officials, however, are convinced that content, not method, is at stake. Some censure from the German bishops or the Vatican could result.

Disputes over Christology are not limited to Catholics. Though many Protestant scholars have been questioning the dogmas for more than a century, elements of the Church of England were scandalized last year when seven university theologians put out a book contending that Jesus was not really God at all. In the U.S., Southern Baptist Theologian Robert S. Alley, religion chairman at the University of Richmond, was abruptly switched to another department after he told a meeting of atheists that "Jesus never really claimed to be God, nor to be related to him as son." Next month the board will debate a faculty demand that Alley be reinstated.

Among Roman Catholic thinkers, the New Christology first appeared at the University of Nijmegen, The Nether-

lands, in 1966, when the late Ansfrid Hulbosch, an Augustinian, issued a manifesto against the Council of Chalcedon. The church, he wrote, should "no longer speak of a union of the divine and human nature in one pre-existent person." One of the Dutch movement's two leading figures has been his Nijmegen colleague, Jesuit Piet Schoonenberg. In his 1969 book, published in English as *The Christ* (Herder & Herder; 1971), Schoonenberg also discarded the "two natures" approach, speaking instead of "God's complete presence in the human person Jesus Christ." Canadian Theologian Bernard J.F. Lonergan later said that Schoonenberg's book could lead to the logical (and heretical) conclusion that Jesus was "a man and only a man." The other important Dutch liberal is Dominican Edward Schillebeeckx, whose first volume on Christology will be published in English by Seabury later this year. The elliptical book describes Jesus as a human being who gradually grew closer to God.

Some recent writings in France are

God, and displayed such human traits as doubt and ignorance.

Similar points are made by a German-trained Basque, Jon Sobrino, who has written the most thorough study of Christ's nature based on Latin America's "liberation theology." The Maryknoll Fathers' Orbis Books will publish it in English in June as *Christology at the Crossroads*. Sobrino, a Jesuit and professor at the Universidad José Simeón Cañas in El Salvador, says that Christians working for justice should realize that Jesus was mistaken in his social outlook because he expected the imminent appearance of the kingdom of God. In fact, he thinks that Jesus had to undergo a "conversion" in his views of God.

More broadly, Sobrino espouses an evolutionary view of Jesus' sonship. Instead of saying that Jesus is the Son of God, Sobrino writes that he "gradually fashioned himself into the Son of God, became the Son of God." As the Son, Jesus "reveals the way to the Father, not the Father himself," through his example of

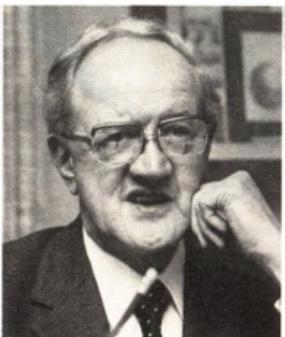
virtors anyway." In 1972 the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued its most recent declaration on Christology. It defined as an error the theory that God was only "present in the highest degree in the human person Jesus," including the version in which Jesus is "God" in the sense that in "his human person God is supremely present." Though no names were mentioned, this was aimed primarily at Schoonenberg.

The most effective recent Catholic exponent of ancient dogma is Kung's colleague at Tübingen, the Rev. Walter Kasper. In his major 1974 work (English edition: *Jesus the Christ*; Paulist Press; 1976), Kasper rejected Kung's idea that the early councils distorted the Gospel with Greek concepts. Rather, he says, the councils did the opposite. They "dehellenized" the church, using the language of Greek philosophy to express beliefs that "shattered all of its perspectives."

A Christology developed solely "from below," Kasper contends, is "condemned to failure." The reason: the New Testa-



Germany's Hans Küng



Holland's Piet Schoonenberg



El Salvador's Jon Sobrino

Though their New Christology still says that Jesus is divine, critics maintain he is not as divine as he used to be.

even more adventuresome. Jacques Poirier, a Dominican at the Institut Catholique in Paris, says that "at the limit, it is an absurdity to say that God makes himself into man. God cannot be anything other than God." Father Pierre-Marie Beaudre of the Center for Theological Studies in Caen thinks that early church leaders had to "murder their founding father Jesus" to develop into maturity, while Father Michel Pinchon, editor of the magazine *Jésus*, writes of his liberation from "idolatry" of Jesus, who "does not present himself as an end or an absolute."

In Spain, José-Ramón Guerrero, director of catechetics at Madrid's Pastoral Institute and author of the 1976 book *El Otro Jesús* (The Other Jesus), told TIME that Jesus is "a man elected and sent by God, and has been constituted by God as the Son of God." At the Jesuit theological school in Barcelona, José Ignacio González Faus insists that during his earthly life, Jesus was not aware of being

obedience to God's mission. Sobrino admits that Jesus' "becoming" God sounds like the old heresy of Adoptionism, but he still insists that his Christology "is in accord with the dogmatic formulas."

Traditionalists are divided on how to handle such new ideas. Father Jean Galot, a Christology expert at Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University, fears that the essence of the faith is being challenged. Says he: "The basic question is this: Does the Church have an authentic teaching on Christology? It does. Hence theologians who claim to be representative of this Church must teach the authentic teaching of the Church."

Under Pope Paul, however, Vatican policy has not been to force innovators into line, in the belief that false ideas are only dignified by the publicity and will die out eventually. Besides, adds a top-ranking prelate in the Curia, "I don't think the Catholic Church could stamp out these er-

rors anyway." In 1972 the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued its most recent declaration on Christology. It defined as an error the theory that God was only "present in the highest degree in the human person Jesus," including the version in which Jesus is "God" in the sense that in "his human person God is supremely present." Though no names were mentioned, this was aimed primarily at Schoonenberg.

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People

When **James Herriot** writes about his animal farm, it doesn't have the Orwellian bite. Rather, in a series of best-sellers named after the lyrics of an Anglican hymn (*All Things Bright and Beautiful, All Creatures Great and Small, All Things Wise and Wonderful*), the Scots-born veterinarian has painted a bucolic picture of his life ministering to four-legged friends in Yorkshire. Herriot, 61, who started writing at 50, now is consulting



Herriot down on the farm

on scripts for the BBC, which has just begun to air a series based on his work. With it all, Herriot, a pseudonym for James Alfred Wight, still makes barnyard calls six days a week and performs surgery in the middle of the night. "I complain about my work but if I didn't do it, I'd go to seed," he says. So devoted is Herriot to his profession that he is putting off starting his latest book until the end of April. Shrugs Dr. Jim: "We're lambing."

For a lawyer to grouse about the low estate of the American bar is par for the course. But it is quite another matter for someone to charge that fully half the lawyers in the U.S. are incompetent, particularly when that someone is the Chief Justice of the U.S. Reports of such a remark by **Warren Earl Burger** hit the wires last November, and irked lawyers hailed the chief before the American Bar Association meeting in New Orleans last week on charges of shooting

from the lip. He had meant only trial lawyers, it turned out, and his calculation had been based on rank hearsay: Burger had chatted with various trial judges, heard competency estimates ranging from 25% to 75% and simply split the difference. One barrister labeled Burger's remarks "preposterous and flippant," while another cited more scientific studies pegging the incompetency rate at 8% to 30%. After a shouting delegate pleaded for an end to the embarrassing "snarling catfight" with the Chief Justice, an anti-Burger resolution was resoundingly voted down by the delegates. Said an unrepentant Burger: "Whatever their intentions, they focused attention on the problem." Next case.

"We don't travel in the same circles, but **Margaux** told me to come along," said **Mary Hemingway**, So **Ernest**'s widow, 69, and her step-granddaughter the model, 23, turned up at a Valentine dance to help launch an "I Love New York" advertising campaign. "Margaux has always been a cheerful, straightforward girl, long before she got into that fashion business. Or whatever it is. I'm a quieter creature," says Miss Mary, who will start work next month on "two nearly full shopping bags" of unpublished Hemingway manuscripts. As for Margaux, she is getting ready to be a leading lady in **Carlo Ponti's** film *The Naked Sun*. The wraps are on her role, but she bubbles, "I wind up



Feldman with those undies

with the emeralds in the end." A step up from the pendant she was wearing: a plastic heart filled with Life Savers.

What becomes a legend most? The lace-trimmed cotton knickers displayed by Cockney Comic **Marty Feldman** once belonged to **Queen Victoria**.



Margaux and Mary Hemingway love New York on Valentine's Day

Marty. A collector of 19th century furniture and art, Feldman figured that nothing would be more Victorian than the royal underpants, so when he spotted them at a London auction he laid out a bloomin' \$320 for the bloomers. Besides, patriotic to the nines, he "wanted to preserve part of England's heritage and to keep an Englishman's hands on Queen Victoria's drawers." She would not have been amused.

On the Record

Michelangelo Antonioni, film director (*Blow-Up*), on watching his movies on television: "I feel like a father toward my old films. You bring children into the world, then they grow up and go off on their own. From time to time you get together, but it isn't always a pleasure to see them again."

Edsel Ford II, 29, an heir to the automobile fortune, on his new job as assistant managing director of Ford Australia: "There is no silver spoon in Ford. I think that's lucky. They treat me like any other boy."

Moraji Desai, India's Prime Minister, urging journalists to be generalists: "An expert seldom gives an objective view. He gives his own view."

Joseph Bonanno, denying that he is the new Godfather: "I believe in the law. I'll face the music as best I know how, and I'll die with my boots on."

Show Business

The Squeaky-Clean Teen Dream

Shaun Cassidy sings, shakes, makes a million

Why is your daughter screaming? At eleven, she is probably too old for nightmares. Maybe her four-color poster of Shaun Cassidy (life size, \$6; smaller version supplied gratis with \$5 membership in the fan club) is curling at the edges. Maybe the battery in her portable radio has failed right in the middle of the station's 14th daily airing of Shaun Cassidy's latest hit. Maybe the family mastiff took a nap atop Shaun's two albums (combined sales: 5 million copies), warping them into a couple of vinyl flapjacks. Maybe the picture tube in the TV blew out, and she will miss Shaun in this week's installment of *The Hardy Boys*. Maybe she has heard Shaun announce that because of assorted pressures, "I may never be able to have a relationship that lasts more than a few months."

Or maybe she is just practicing for the Shaun Cassidy concert.

Your daughter, your friend's daughter, and several million others. Girls—pre-teen, just-teen and a few lustfully maternal moms—have made Shaun Cassidy, 19, into a top-selling recording artist, a high-wattage TV personality, and the kind of turn-away concert star who can provoke riotous rites of weepy nubility every time he bats his well-turned lashes. Admits Shaun gamely: "Yes, it's a dirty job. But someone has to do it."

Say this for Shaun, though. He has a good, sidelong sense of humor ("There's always a job for me on *The \$20,000 Pyramid*") and a startling foundation of hard sense. "I'm being sold from here to Timbuctoo," he admits. "But I'm doing the selling." He watched the jet-stream parabola traced by the career of his half

brother David Cassidy and learned some hard lessons. "The average length of a career like mine is five years."

Shaun pulled down a cool million last year—including hefty licensing fees to reproduce his milk-fed good looks on everything from wristwatches to pajamas. He works for it, though, spending long days churning out new episode of *The Hardy Boys*, weekends on concert tours and the remaining free time writing songs or laying down vocals.

Shaun's writing efforts may lack the wit of the Beatles or the harmonic invention of the Beach Boys (two groups to whom Cassidy declares himself devoted), but lyrics like "Now you know I'm really glad! I listened to my Mom and Dad" will go far to assuage parental anxiety. Nothing about Shaun is calculated to intimidate or offend. As Joe Hardy, boy sleuth, he is absolutely hygienic. In concert, he adorns himself in requisite skin-tights and shakes his tail at the yearning throngs, but the distinct outline of his briefs pressing through the clinging fabric is disarming and reassuringly boyish, like a kid who has got all the moves down but not quite mastered the fine points.

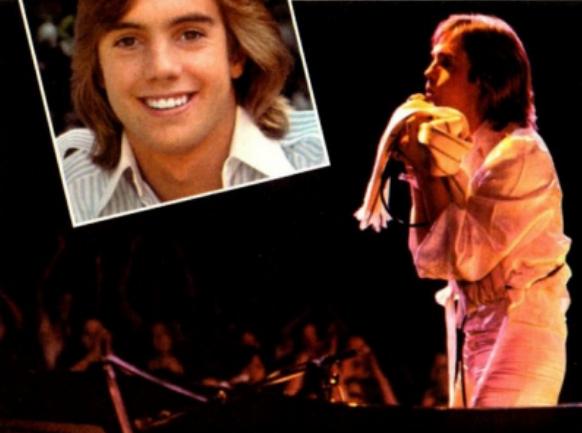
Shaun learned the moves early. Father Jack Cassidy and Mother Shirley Jones were trouping with their nightclub act until two days before Shaun was born. Later, Mom won an Oscar for *Elmer Gantry*; Dad appeared in Broadway musicals like

Superman. Although Mom and David made their mark in TV's long-running *Partridge Family*, growing up in the Cassidy household actually bore a few parallels to the early history of the James Tyrone clan: Jack Cassidy made stingy, self-mocking jokes about his career. "God, it's lonely at the middle," he liked to sigh. He complained that the producers of one Broadway show hired him just to cast his wife. He suffered bouts of severe depression. He and Shirley split up, reconciled, then were divorced. Just before Christmas of 1976, Cassidy burned to death in a fire in his Los Angeles apartment. At the services, Shaun read aloud from a play his father had written about being ringside at his own funeral.

Shaun appears to have emerged from such turmoil with both psyche and ambition reasonably intact. His most serious complaints at the moment are over fan hassles (despite tight security, fans have been known to climb over high balconies for an intimate glimpse of their idol), and not being able to go to McDonald's for a Big Mac without causing a riot. Mindful of the fleeting rewards of pop success, he is already laying plans for a more substantial career. He has eyes to be a producer-entrepreneur "like Robert Stigwood, or something along those lines." To this end, he is trying to upgrade *The Hardy Boys*. "We get a lot of lame scripts and a lot of lame actresses," he notes. He also meets "at least once a week with my business manager, to find out where the money is going."

Well, shopping centers for one thing. For another, development of Shaun Cassidy's first film project, a prospective hybrid, he says, of *Shampoo* and *40 Carats*. "He wants Jacqueline Bisset to be his co-star. Then some of the screaming may start to subside. Maybe he will even be able to tell if Big Macs taste the same." ■

Shaun and Parker Stevenson in *Hardy Boys*



Posing for fans, performing in Denver

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*Nancy and Dennis Stant
San Antonio, Texas*

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THE EQUALIZER

Behavior

Those Biorhythms and Blues

Does the date of your birth really matter?

Why did Ali lose his title? Simple. He was in a down phase in his emotional and physical cycles, only hours away from a physically critical day. A "triple low" day produced the abnormal heart rhythm that led to Elvis Presley's death last Aug. 16. And Sadat's peace initiative could not have come while Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin was in office because the Egyptian President's chart shows zero emotional compatibility with Rabin.

All these deductions are based on the theory of biorhythm, the fast-growing pseudoscience that is more fun than astrology and not as messy as reading chicken entrails. Biorhythm is now a multimillion-dollar-a-year business, serving more than a million believers in the U.S. The word is spread in books, newsletters, a syndicated column and shopping-mall computers that churn out daily charts for 50¢. There is a biorhythm service predicting the results of professional football games (\$99 a season), and several dozen companies supply computerized charts and such biorhythm hardware as calculator watches (\$169) and a Biocom desk computer (\$3,000). One company, Kosmos International of Atlanta, supplies charts for the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League and sells 10,000 electronic biorhythm calculators a month, including a "love machine" for women who want to check their compatibility with boyfriends.

It is all a bit too much for George Thommen, 82, a Swiss-born industrial consultant who pioneered the American biorhythm movement by importing the ideas of a small Germanic number-juggling cult after World War II. "I thought of it as a hobby, like a sailboat," says Thommen, author of the first American biorhythm book, *Is This Your Day?* "In one way I'm happy that it's taken hold—I'm for helping humanity. In another way I think the commercialization is a dirty trick."

The appeal of biorhythm, like that of astrology, comes from the belief that one can chart the ups and downs of friends and celebrities simply by knowing their birthdays. According to the theory, there are three fixed cycles, each starting at the moment of birth: a 23-day physical cycle, a 28-day emotional cycle and a 33-day mental cycle. Every human is likely to perform well in the up phases of cycles, and poorly in the down or recharging phases. But the most vulnerable day,

known as the critical, zero or switch-point day, comes in the midpoint of each cycle, when a person is changing phases. Things are very likely to go wrong on a "double critical" day, when two cycles are at midpoint. A "triple critical," which practitioners say occurs about once a year, holds terror for all believers.

Scientists do not know whether to snicker or be outraged, and most have been hesitant to dignify the theory by formally investigating it. Last month a team of intrepid researchers at Johns Hopkins University ventured into the area. Writing in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*,

surprised the Hopkins team would even bother. Biorhythm theory is a silly numerological scheme that contradicts everything we know about biological rhythms with their dozens of variables and differences from person to person."

The biorhythm craze grew from the mystic speculations of Wilhelm Fliess, a colorful Berlin doctor who was Sigmund Freud's closest friend for more than a decade. A nose and throat specialist, Fliess is best known for his belief that the nose is responsible for many neurotic and sexual ailments, which are curable by applying cocaine to what he called the "genital spots" of the nasal membrane. Fliess published books and essays of impenetrable mathematics, all revolving around his mystic numbers, 23 (representing the masculine or physical principle) and 28 (representing the feminine, emotional principle and presumably based on the 28-day menstrual cycle). For a time, Freud was so impressed that he was sure he would die at the age of 51, the sum of the two numbers. A young patient of Freud's, Hermann Swoboda, developed the first biorhythm calculator, based on Fliess's belief in 23- and 28-day cycles. Later Fliessians added a 33-day cycle representing human mental life.

Such shaky origins apparently do not bother true believers. Actress Julie Newmar is convinced. Jackie Gleason checks his charts before an important engagement, and Gil Brandt, vice president of the Super Bowl-champion Dallas Cowboys, is also convinced that biorhythm "has a lot of validity." There are growing numbers of adherents on N.F.L. teams. Minnesota Vikings Player Jim Marshall was intrigued when someone pointed out that his classic wrong-way run for a touchdown in 1964 came on a triple-low day.

Yellow Cab of Denver hands out free charts to interested employees and gives drivers a day off during triple-criticals. An Exxon chemical plant at Baytown, Texas, sends out safety reminders to its 900 employees on triple-critical days. Says a spokesman: "Frankly, I don't know if there's any truth to the biorhythm theory, but we think the program will promote safety awareness." Biorhythm proponents say that hundreds of companies use the charts, but an investigation by *National Safety News* found that the claim "appears to be widely exaggerated."

The same proponents are pushing airlines to use biorhythm, on the grounds that many air crashes occur because of heavy pressure on crew members on their critical days. Indeed, United Airlines tried biorhythm for a year at a San Fran-



Brandt and Scout John Wooten with charts of Dallas Cowboys
The wistful appeal of a 'silly numerological scheme.'

Psychologist John Shafer and Psychiatrist Chester Schmidt reported that despite biorhythm's "wistful appeal," the theory just doesn't work.

The researchers investigated the claim of biorhythm supporters that a disproportionate number of accidents and disasters—perhaps 40% to 80%—occur on "critical" days that represent only 20% of a person's life. In fact, says the Hopkins team, of 205 serious or fatal highway accidents in Maryland in which the driver was legally culpable, only 20% occurred on critical days—just the proportion the scientists expected. Says Andrew Ahlgren, a University of Minnesota researcher who studies body rhythms: "I'm

cisco maintenance facility, but then dropped it. Bernard Gittelson, a former p.r. man who is now the head of Biorhythm Computers Inc., believes the airlines will soon convert to the cause. Says he: "We are only five years from advertising tag lines like 'Our pilots never fly on critical days.'"

What else may biorhythm be applied to? Opportunities are limitless, says Pete Callinicos, a captain in the Denver fire department who runs a biorhythm business on the side. Callinicos says the theory can put compatible policemen in squad cars, determine the patterns of arsonists and maybe even prevent birth defects. Another advantage to biorhythm is that it provides extra income for a swelling number of entrepreneurs. With an investment of about \$4,000, says Thommen, anybody can rent a bit of computer time and sell 30¢ charts for \$10. In the rush for profits, laments Thommen, some of the new biorhythm salesmen are turning out sloppy charts, a day or two off. Says he: "Every Tom, Dick and Harry is going into this. Many people have no conscience."

Stress Lessons

Paddling students and canoes

Three days a week students learn math, science and English. On the other days they may be dangled off a cliff, abandoned two miles deep in a cave or locked in a padded cell. At Butler High School in western Pennsylvania, this harsh treatment is known as stress education for "in-school dropouts"—the disruptive students and juvenile offenders.

The idea is to build self-esteem by showing youngsters they can cope with fear. Says Former Phys Ed Teacher Kenneth Musko, who developed the program: "Some of them do panic, but you'd be surprised how most of them cope with new situations that normally would terrify them." A few of the 52 stress activities seem particularly dangerous: riding through rapids on a rubber raft, rock climbing and "parasailing" (hanging from a parachute while being towed by a truck). One prosaic activity—incarceration at a nearby jail or detention center—is supposed to show the students the life they can expect if they flunk out of the program. There they are given a chance to reform while inmates, who usually advise them to reform while they can.

Classroom punishment ranges from tongue-lashing to old-fashioned paddling for a repeat offense. Despite the drastic methods, Musko tries to get across to students that the program is a last-ditch effort run by people who care. Says he: "These kids have passed the 'please' point; they are tough. We have to make them feel that someone cares. And we will use any method to do this." So far, he says, the reform by stress seems to be working. More than half of the 90 students who have passed through the course have remained in school and shaped up.

Medicine

The Great Papaya Fracas

Does the fruit extract really help back pain?

The papaya is a wondrous fruit—abundant, tasty and nutritious. A papaya extract is the active ingredient in supermarket meat tenderizers, and the papaya has long been used by traditional healers to treat illnesses ranging from hepatitis to gonorrhea. Now an extract from the fruit has become the center of a growing medical controversy. Despite doubts expressed by many U.S. experts, hundreds of U.S. citizens are traveling to Canada to be treated with a papaya enzyme for what is commonly called a slipped disc.

The Canadian migration stems from a discovery by Dr. Lyman Smith, an orthopedic surgeon in Elgin, Ill. In the early 1960s he found that injections of papain,

But in 1975, when some still disputed new tests seemed to show that Disease had no more effect on slipped discs than did a placebo, Baxter Travenol withdrew its application and stopped producing the enzyme. Furthermore, because the company did not submit a new application to cover investigational treatments, use of Disease became illegal in the U.S.

But it is still legal in Canada, and some U.S. orthopedists are referring their patients to medical centers there. A notable example is Dr. Howard Bates Noble, a Chicago orthopedic surgeon who has sent 20 to 25 patients to Canada—and needed help himself. As he puts it: "Faced with



Toronto Surgeon Ian Macnab demonstrating spinal anatomy

Faced with a choice, the patient put his back where his mouth was.

a simple papaya extract, dissolved the nucleus of discs between the vertebrae of rabbits. As a result, the discs shrank. If papain had the same effect on human slipped discs, he reasoned, they would shrink back into place.

Smith sold his patent rights to Baxter Travenol Laboratories of Deerfield, Ill., which extracted from papain another enzyme, chymopapain, that was more potent and less toxic. Baxter Travenol trademarked its product Disease and obtained U.S. Food and Drug Administration approval in 1963 for its use as an investigational new drug for humans. In twelve years doctors treated some 15,000 patients, and reported that symptoms were relieved in most cases. Meanwhile, Baxter Travenol had applied to the FDA for approval of Disease as a prescription item for any licensed physician to use.

the choice of surgery or chymopapain, I decided to put my back where my mouth was." So he referred himself to Dr. Ian Macnab at Toronto's Wellesley Hospital, who injected him with chymopapain last year. Now, Noble says, his back troubles have disappeared.

Most patients from south of the border tell much the same story. Arriving at a Canadian medical center armed with their spinal X rays, they usually need to spend only two days in a hospital. Almost unanimously, they give glowing testimonials to the benefit they have received. Indeed, if the injections are as curative as supporters claim, they would banish the need for costly operations for many of the estimated 170,000 Americans who each year undergo disc surgery.

But does the cure really come from chymopapain? Many U.S. doctors have

NOTICE the changes in this series of paintings done in the last five years of Van Gogh's life. His style, the colors he used reflect his growing self-awareness. The final self-portrait was painted just months before his suicide.

In his brief career, spanning only 10 years, Vincent Van Gogh produced a torrent of work. Close to 1,700 of his works survive. Yet he sold only one painting in his lifetime, and that for an equivalent of only \$80.

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Medicine

their doubts. They note that by far the commonest forms of low-back pain involve muscles, ligaments or tendons rather than discs; these can usually be treated best with rest, physiotherapy and regular exercise. Many of the claimed chymopapain cures, the critics say, are the result of a dramatic placebo effect. ■

Capsules

MEMORY HORMONE?

Can a chemical restore lost or weakened memory? In reports to the journal *Lancet*, scientists suggest that a hormone found in the pituitary gland may have that effect. The remarkable mnemonic is vasopressin, which was previously known to help regulate the body's water content. The levels of vasopressin in the blood appear to decrease after about the age of 50, just when many people begin to complain of failing memories.

The researchers gave male volunteers aged 50 to 65 three sprays of vasopressin in each nostril every day for three days. Similar volunteers who received whiffs of a dummy spray showed no response. But the concentration and memory of those who got the vasopressin improved markedly. Three patients who had suffered impaired memories after auto accidents were given doses for four weeks. One man, 55, was able to remember the dates of his accident, his marriage and other important events that he had been unable to recall before treatment.

SKULL TELEMETRY

The human brain and the rest of the central nervous system are immersed in a bath of cerebrospinal fluid, which must remain at a constant pressure. Anything



Injecting insulin into abdominal muscle

At last, an explanation of a phenomenon.

that causes a significant increase in that pressure—a brain tumor, a hemorrhage, a bad head injury—may be fatal unless the fluid can be drained off in time.

Dr. Nicholas T. Zervas, chief of neurosurgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, M.I.T. Physician Eric R. Cosman, and colleagues at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital have now constructed a remarkable sensor that warns of pressure increases by means of radio telemetry. As the investigators explain in the *Journal of Neurosurgery*, they drill a small hole in the patient's skull and insert a piston so that its base rests on the brain's outer

casing. Built into the piston is a miniature induction tuner. If pressure inside the cranium increases, it pushes the piston up a fraction of an inch, thus transmitting a signal to the telemetry receiver at the patient's bedside.

EXERCISE AND INSULIN

An estimated 1.25 million Americans take insulin injections daily. With too little of the life-saving hormone, a diabetic's blood sugar can rise to dangerous levels (hyperglycemia); with too much, the sugar level falls too low (hypoglycemia), and the diabetic may go into a coma.

Still, some diabetics have found that after vigorous exercise their regular injections have the effect of an insulin overdose. Two Yale University researchers, Drs. Philip Felig and Veikko A. Koivisto, offer an explanation for that phenomenon in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. During exercise, hard-worked muscles need more fuel in the form of blood sugar. But insulin injected in a working muscle defeats that need; the hormone is so rapidly absorbed into the bloodstream that it causes the blood sugar level to drop. The Yale researchers demonstrated this by having patients exercise on a stationary bicycle for an hour after a shot in the leg. Their insulin was absorbed more than twice as fast as it normally would have been. But when these patients were injected in the arm or abdomen, their insulin levels remained normal. The investigators' conclusion: insulin users who plan to exercise should, after checking with their doctors, inject themselves at a site where the muscles will not be heavily taxed. For those in sports like tennis, basketball or skiing, in which leg and arm muscles work hard, the best site is the belly. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Joan Bennett, 67, sultry movie siren of the 1930s and '40s, who starred in some 80 films (*Father of the Bride*, *Careless Lady*, *Little Women*) and the TV series *Dark Shadows*; and David Wilde, 60, a retired publisher, publicist and investor; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in White Plains, N.Y.

DIED. Ilka Chase, 72, ultrasophisticated actress, author and wit; of internal hemorrhage, in Mexico City. While pursuing an acting career on stage (*The Women, Forgetting All Others*) and screen (*Now, Voyager*, *Fast and Loose*), Chase wrote more than a dozen books, including her memoirs *Past Imperfect*. The self-image she projected was that of a cool, sharp-tongued woman. If Journalist Dorothy Thompson didn't know as much as God, Chase once remarked, she most certainly knew as much as God did at her age.

DIED. Abraham Rattner, 82, fiery Jewish artist best known for his brilliantly colored

paintings with religious themes; of heart disease, in Manhattan. Born in the U.S. to parents who had fled from the Russian pogroms, Rattner after World War I settled in France, where his work was influenced by both the impressionist and the cubist schools. He returned to the U.S. in 1940 convinced by the rise of Nazism that art should not merely concern itself with style, but should deal with moral and spiritual issues. These he depicted not only on canvas but in tapestries, stained-glass windows and portfolios of prints. Among Rattner's best-known works are the paintings *Gomorrah* and *Vision of Ezekiel*, and a stained-glass window in a Chicago synagogue called *And God Said: Let There Be Light*.

DIED. James Bryant Conant, 84, scientist, diplomat, educational reformer and president of Harvard University for 20 years; of heart disease, in Hanover, N.H. A chemist during World War I and a professor of chemistry at Harvard for 14 years

thereafter, Conant was partly responsible for the World War II decision to make an atomic bomb and to use it at Hiroshima in 1945. As president of Harvard (1933-53), the self-effacing but stubborn Conant instituted a number of improvements that changed the character of higher education: he broadened the makeup of the student body, argued for a core curriculum of "general education" and promoted national scholarships. He left Harvard to become High Commissioner to Germany and subsequently the first Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany. Upon his return to the U.S. in 1957, Conant conducted a wide-ranging study of American high schools, and later of junior high schools, that pointed out a need for higher standards and stricter teachers' qualifications. A firm believer in egalitarianism, Conant provoked controversy for his lambasting of private schools and was also one of the first educators to warn of the "social dynamite" inherent in the poverty of the ghettos.

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Theater

Rent Party

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'
Conceived and Directed by Richard
Maltby Jr. and Murray Horwitz

To Thomas Wright ("Fats") Waller, the three Bs were Bach, booze and broads. He was as prodigious in his appetite as he was generous in spirit. But it is, of course, as a master pianist and composer in the classic tradition of U.S. jazz that Fats has proved larger than death.

A handsome and jubilant tribute is being paid to the man's genius at the Manhattan Theater Club's cabaret. One reservation must be made about this frolicsome revue-styled show. Waller was, above all things, a spotlight performer and



Cara and Carter in Misbehavin'
Urban night music.

star entertainer. The structure of *Ain't Misbehavin'* casts Luther Henderson more in the role of an accompanist. Faithful to the music, Henderson lacks that explosive authority at "stride" piano which was Waller's legacy to U.S. jazz.

Fats played piano like a jovially lavish host, and the evening is like a rollicking party—a "rent party," perhaps, that Harlem Depression phenomenon where guests put a small sum in the household kitty and jazzmen improvised from midnight to dawn. There are 27 numbers in all and they compose an ebullient cantata of urban night music. The audience could almost sing along with *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Mean to Me*, *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, and that powerful elegy to black sorrow, *Black and Blue*.

The three women and two men who

deliver the numbers really deliver. Armeila McQueen is a husky-dusky sybil of song, Irene Cara wraps her voice in plaintive melancholy, and Nell Carter has a sensual verve that turns *Cash for My Trash* into a show-stopping aphrodisiac. Of the two men, Andre De Shields is a cat of cool gray nattiness and Ken Page is a slyly streetwise shark with a mimetic gift for Waller's gravelly mocking asides. To give the show its rightful name, "The Joint Is Jumpin'." —T.E. Kalem

Wheelborne

SPOKESONG by Stewart Parker

It sometimes seems as if Arvin Brown, artistic director of New Haven's Long Wharf Theater, visits the London stage with a shopping list. And he never settles for shoddy goods. Among his finds have been *The Changing Room* by David Storey and *The National Health* by Peter Nichols. The link continues with *Spokesong*, a play of tipsy irony and fantastical humor set against the cruel fratricide of Northern Ireland.

The hero, Frank (John Lithgow), runs a bicycle shop in Belfast. He is zany about bikes and a bit zany all around. He can dismantle a bike and apostrophize its beauty as if he were dressing a woman and seducing her. It runs in his blood. His grandfather Francis (Josef Sommer), who founded the shop 80 years before, was a bicycle nut. One surrealistically funny sequence has the grandfather (in flashback) learning the manual of arms for bicycle troops from a World War I sergeant.

The symbolism with which Irish Protestant Playwright Parker moves and sometimes mires his play is that the bicycle stands for sweet-souled individual freedom and the automobile for arrogant mass tyranny. Frank says at one point: "Christ on a bicycle—you can see that. You can't see Him driving a Jaguar."

Much of the abiding charm of the evening rests in two sentimental yet spirited courtships. Doing a bike repair job for Daisy (Virginia Vestoff), Frank falls in love with her. Daisy is a teacher who poignantly wonders how the quiet lessons of the classroom can ever erase from little children's minds the terrorist traumas of the streets. In flashback, Frank's grandfather wooed Kitty (Maria Tucci), an ardent prototypical feminist.

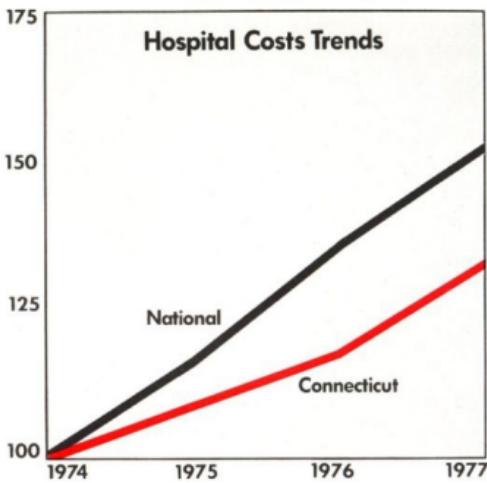
The evening is presided over by a kind of M.C. (Joseph Maher), who makes his opening entrance on a unicycle. The circus music-hall atmosphere is further enhanced by snatches of nostalgic ditties, sometimes caustic, reminiscent of *Oh What a Lovely War*. This is not a show for all theaters and all seasons. It has its soft spots in the head as well as the heart, but it is another example of the range and skill of our resident theaters.

—T.E.K.

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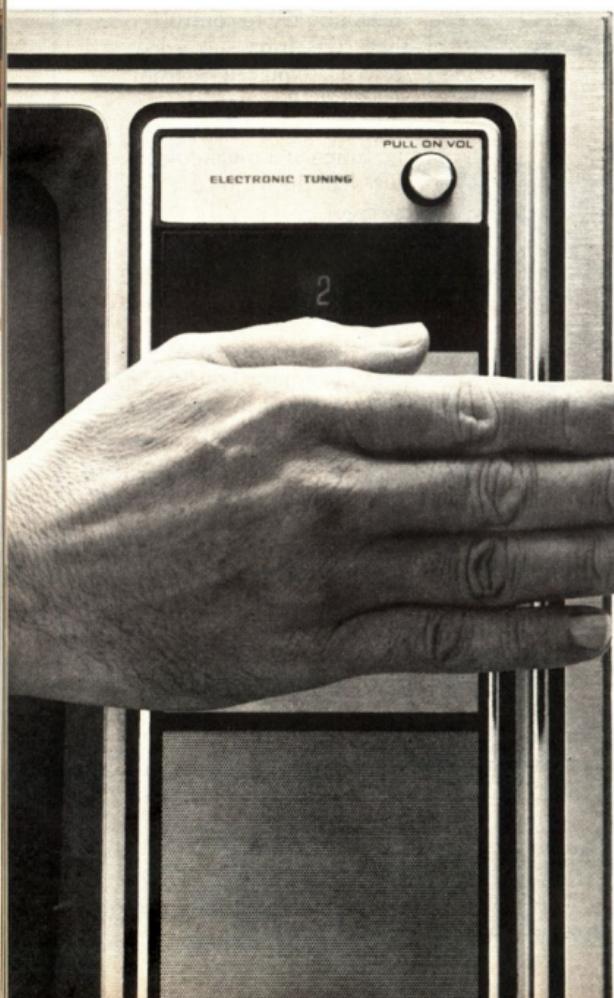
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Serres and Fossey in *Blue Country*

Disconnects

BLUE COUNTRY

Directed and Written by
Jean-Charles Taccella

A man and a woman (well played by Jacques Serres and Brigitte Fossey) fall in love, but refuse to marry or even move in together for fear that surrender of independence will distort their personalities and spoil the pleasant relationship they already enjoy. All over the lovely corner of Provence that they share with the native-born peasantry and Parisians escaping city life, similar failures of connection are taking place. A man on the verge of old age makes a fool of himself by pursuing a sometime trapeze artist who slept with him once, but now rejects him with comical callousness. It seems that she went to bed with him only because he reminded her of a sailor she missed an assignation with when she was 14. A middle-aged woman keeps having seriocomic fights with the daughter and son-in-law she is trying to live with. She rejects a bus driver whose intentions are honorably dishonorable—and might offer a means of escape—in order to talk the night away with a homosexual.

This is not to imply that all the misunderstandings of self and others in *Blue Country* involve sex. A man sells his farm in order to live in a city apartment, then decides to take up farming again. The normally equable Fossey becomes a raging hysterical whenever she encounters a man who she thinks is selling poisonously non-organic food to her fellow citizens. Serres, convinced that a friend is being driven to suicide by a brother-in-law's financial misdealing, sets out to beat some sense into the miscreant. Naturally he sets upon the wrong man. But no matter. His friend pulls back from self-destruction, but later goes ahead and kills himself anyway.

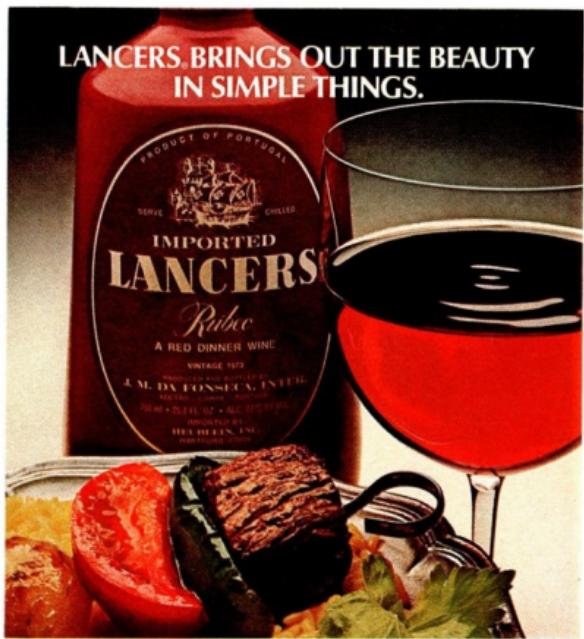
And so it goes. Ordinary, likable people persistently misunderstand them-

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selves, their needs and desires, and therefore misunderstand their equally befuddled neighbors. In the hands of someone other than Taccella, all of this might be the stuff of tragedy, or at least of psychoanalytic melodrama. But Taccella seems to be convinced that eccentricity is the best measure of our humanity, something to be treasured and explored rather than deplored. His way is simply to record in quick sketches each little absurdity his camera catches, give a rueful Gallic shrug and move briskly on. If such a thing is possible, he is profoundly unprofound. People, he says, are prisoners of their generally misinformed ideas about themselves and about what constitutes happiness. But there is a cheery Catch-22: in their waywardness people probably do themselves no more harm, and very possibly less, than if they knew better what they were doing.

Blue Country has even less of a plot than Taccella's *Cousin, Cousine* and offers less romantic consolation than that extraordinarily popular movie. A kind of pastoral "Hecksapoppin," it is, like its predecessor, full of rich comic types and amusing asides. Above all, it makes you feel good as you leave the theater, which is more than you generally find in a comedy these days.

—Richard Schickel

Gas Guzzler

THE BETSY

Directed by Daniel Petrie

Screenplay by William Bast and
Walter Bernstein

As industrial melodrama, a product not known to sell many tickets, the thing starts out simply enough: Loren Hardeman Sr., 86, founder of the Bethlehem Motor Co. back in the heroic days of car manufacturing, is tired of vegetating down in Florida. He wants to make his comeback by manufacturing "the Betsy," a sort of Model T *cum* Volkswagen for the '70s, ecologically sound, energy conserving, sensible. He hires a stud race-car driver, one Angelo Perino (Tommy Lee Jones), to honcho the project back at the factory, sneaking it by Loren Hardeman III, the old man's grandson (Robert Duvall), who loves cars less than the balance sheet, his mistress more than his wife, and is an all-around blue meanie.

But that's all just a sort of framing device. What really interests Novelist Harold Robbins and the kind of people who make adaptations of his work is sex. The synopsis maker starts to get into trouble here because the bed hopping is so preposterously cross-generational. Angelo begins by having it off with the younger Hardeman's mistress, Lady Ayres (names with metaphorical overtones seem to be a Robbins specialty), as a kind of warm-up for his affair with Betsy—not the car, but the fourth-generation Hardeman (Kathleen Beller) after whom the vehicle

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.



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Cinema

is named. For a delicious moment or two later on, it looks as if the ever fit Angelo might also make it with the younger Hardeman's estranged wife.

The Betsy is replete with flashbacks that garishly, superficially "explain" the edgy relationship between Grandpa and Grandson Hardeman and also demonstrate, finally, why the old boy likes Angelo so much. For, you see, the old gentleman himself got around a bit in his day—notably into the marital bed of his son, the closet queen. Turns out it was witnessing these incestuous goings-on and his weakling father's subsequent suicide that made Grandson Hardeman such a misery to himself and his co-workers.

Of course, everything works out in the end. Angelo gets control of both Betsy and *The Betsy*, which goes into production despite various corporate shenanigans.

The women, who have been so miserably treated throughout, are banished from sight, and all the macho figures are left chortling over their victories.

In decency, actors should not be criticized for their performances in pictures as vulgar and banal as this one. But since Laurence Olivier has chosen to appear as the eldest Hardeman, and since he has sometimes triumphed over equally unpromising roles, it is fair to say that he is as bad as everyone else. The public need only be warned that there aren't quite enough howlers to make this a camp classic like *Once Is Not Enough* or, to name an earlier picture that served Robbins perfectly, *The Carpetbaggers*. The film does, however, offer one possible source of energy worth exploring. That, of course, is the libido. If the auto people in *The Betsy* could bottle that, they could power their products from here to the millennium and back on it.

—R.S.



Duvall, Olivier, Beller in *Betsy*
Sex bridges the generation gap.

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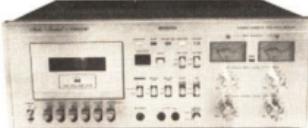
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Economy & Business

A Realistic Lack of Confidence

TIME's Board of Economists finds many reasons for executive worry

With production heading higher, unemployment dropping and profits climbing, businessmen by all rights ought to be bullish. Quite the opposite: last week brought two new signs that they are still deeply worried. The stock market, that sometimes distorted mirror of investment hopes and fears, tumbled 22 points, as measured by the Dow Jones industrial average, to a 34-month low of 753. And a McGraw-Hill poll of executives in eleven industrial countries found U.S. businessmen second from the bottom in confidence about the future. Only profit-pinch Belgian managers were more apprehensive.

What is it that so worries American business leaders—and keeps them from committing their companies' money to job-creating research, development and plant-expansion projects? Members of TIME's Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan last week, found the answer in a whole series of concerns—about persistent inflation, rising interest rates, the widespread expectation of an economic slowdown late this year or in 1979, the threats of energy shortages and increasing Government regulation. Their rather chilling conclusion: strongly as the economy is performing now, the longer-term risks are genuine and serious enough to justify the executives' considerate caution.

Says Alan Greenspan, who was chairman of President Ford's Council of Eco-

nomic Advisers: "There seems to be some belief that you can exercise this state of business mind by mass psychotherapy. But you can't because the attitudes are not irrational. When you are uncertain about the environment for investment, then you will not commit your money, just as someone will not run in the middle of the street blindfolded." Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources Inc., a Boston-based, computerized economic-forecasting firm, thinks that executives' caution should not even be described as "lack of confidence," but rather as "business realism."

The caution is potentially damaging. Adjusted for inflation, business spending on new plant and equipment is expected to rise only about 4.5% this year, v. the 7% increase the Administration calculates is necessary to keep the economy expanding. One reason: what Greenspan calls the "hurdle rates" for new investment have risen by two percentage points in the past decade. In other words, a company that once would have built a new plant or installed labor-saving machinery if it could expect, say, a 10% annual profit on investment, will not go ahead now unless it can foresee a 12% return.

Equally ominous, spending on research and development has fallen from 2% of gross national product in the mid-1960s to 1.5% today, partly because research projects often will not yield a return until well into what businessmen see

as an uncertain future. Both the rise in hurdle rates and the decline in R. and D. indicate that the hired managers who run corporations today are more fearful of taking risks than the venturesome owner-managers of old.

The risks that businessmen see, according to members of the Board of Economists, are not primarily the fault of Jimmy Carter. True, many executives are convinced that the President has not got a handle on the problems of the economy. But their apprehensions predate Carter's Inauguration, and probably would be strong now even if Gerald Ford were still in office.

The most pressing fears:

Inflation Businessmen have never got over the shock of double-digit inflation rates in 1973-74. Such high rates were once considered impossible; now that they have occurred, nobody feels confident that they will not return. Though the inflation has since come down to about 6% from 11% in 1974, Chicago Banker Beryl Sprinkel, a member of TIME's board, fears that it will soon move up again—perhaps to 7% by the end of 1978 and 8% by the close of next year. Other board members generally think that prediction is too pessimistic, but can see no prospect of a slowing down soon. Republicans blame huge budget deficits and excessive creation of money by the Federal Reserve Board; Democrats, though also worried about the





Former Council of Economic Advisors Chairman Walter Heller, Alan Greenspan and Arthur Okun pondering the causes of widespread caution

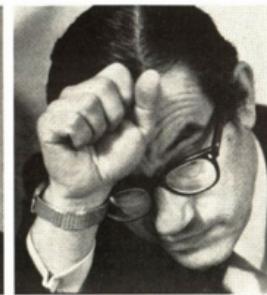
Mass psychotherapy cannot exorcise a state of mind, because the uncertain attitudes are not irrational.

\$60 billion deficit proposed by Carter for fiscal 1979, put more emphasis on the tendency of the wage-price spiral to keep spinning from sheer momentum.

Even a continued 6% inflation rate disrupts business planning. "This country doesn't know how to live with 6% inflation," declares Arthur Okun, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Johnson. He gives this example: many companies are reaping such high sales from plants built in the mid-1960s that they would like to build new plants to cash in on expanding markets. But inflation has so raised the costs of duplicating old factories that companies would have to increase prices by 15% to 25% to make the outlays profitable. Uncertain whether they could make such large price increases stick, the companies shelve their expansion plans.

Recession There is a legitimate question whether Carter's programs can keep the present rapid expansion going past this year—especially in view of the drag imposed by higher Social Security taxes, rising interest rates and the upsetting effects of inflation. Though no member of TIME's board yet predicts an outright downturn in 1979, David Grove, chief economist of IBM, forecasts a growth of only 2.7% for 1979, v. the 4.5% to 5% generally expected for this year. Moreover, he expects corporate profits, which rose 9.7% in 1977, to show no growth this year and next. The reason, says Grove, is that labor-cost increases will be too great for companies to offset by rising productivity, higher prices or even greater volume, given the likelihood of a slowdown.

In the opinion of Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, the fear that demand will not grow fast enough to make new factories profitable is the greatest of all inhibitors to investment. Says he: "Sustained strong markets are mighty good therapy for business confidence." But, he adds, businessmen are no longer as sure as they were during the 1960s that people will buy the products turned out by new or expanded



plants, which tight-money policies make expensive to build.

Interest Rates They have jumped sharply; the prime rate on loans to business climbed from 6.25% at the start of 1977 to 8% early this year. Sprinkel foresees a further rise of one percentage point in short-term rates this year. Such an increase would slow investment by making expansion funds costlier.

Greenspan and others raise the specter of "crowding out"—meaning that the Government will have to borrow so much to finance its budget deficits that little loan money will be left for business, and the cost will be unusually high. Also, high interest rates and a scarcity of loan money would have a devastating impact on housing, which is a mainstay of economic expansion. Okun is willing to bet all comers that if the rate on 90-day Treasury bills hits 7.5% (it is a bit over 6.5% now),

housing starts will tumble, perhaps by as much as one-third in less than a year, leading the economy into recession.

There are other worries difficult to dispel. Energy is one: businessmen wonder what kind of fuel a new plant should burn, whether adequate supplies will be available and at what price. Government regulation is another: executives know that they will be faced with new environmental, safety and employment rules, but cannot determine what those rules will be and thus have no way of calculating the cost of compliance. Finally, the stock market is not only a reflection but a cause of business uncertainty. It indicates that investors are putting a low value on business assets and earnings prospects—not a cheering thought to an executive pondering an expansion program. The bear market also inhibits capital investment by making it much cheaper for a company to "expand" by buying the depreciated stock of another company than by building new plants of its own.

Good News On Interest?

For most consumers, rising interest rates are an ill wind: they inflate the cost of borrowing to buy or build. But, to bend a proverb, the rise may soon blow some good to one group: savers.

Members of TIME's Board of Economists predict that the Federal Reserve soon will ease its Regulation Q and allow commercial banks to pay higher interest on passbook savings, which can be withdrawn at any time. Regulation Q now sets a ceiling of 5% on them. If that is raised, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board also would have to permit savings and loans to pay more than their present 5½% maximum. Otherwise, savers would be tempted to pull out their money and invest it in Treasury bills and other paper that yield up to 6½%—a process that chokes off credit to the housing market.

Is anything in sight that could rebuild business confidence? Democrats on the board can see several possibilities. Heller believes that congressional passage of any kind of energy program would at least assure businessmen that they know what policy is. He adds that enactment of Carter's tax-cut plan, which would reduce the corporate tax rate from 48% to 44%, would also cheer executives. Okun believes that replacement of Arthur Burns by G. William Miller as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board will greatly lessen the chances that the Administration and the Fed will pursue warring budget and interest-rate policies.

Republicans are less sure, but even they see some hope. Greenspan believes that "two or three years of stability"—meaning economic growth at declining rates of inflation—would restore business confidence. Unfortunately, no Administration has been able to supply that ideal combination. But if one could, it would work wonders: there is a huge backlog of expansion projects that executives do not now dare to undertake but would love to start if conditions seemed right. ■

Economy & Business

Growing Gap Between Allies

West Germans fear inflation more than U.S. displeasure

Once again the U.S. has tried to persuade West Germany to help spur a worldwide economic recovery by dumping its slow-growth policies in favor of accelerated expansion—and once again the Germans have refused. At a tense three-hour meeting in Bonn, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal was lectured last week by Chancellor Helmut Schmidt about the U.S.'s economic "sins." Among the most grievous cited by Schmidt: the absence of a coherent energy program; the U.S.'s huge foreign trade deficit, which stimulates international inflation; and Washington's unconscionable failure to support the sagging dollar.

Schmidt and his colleagues argue that the Carter Administration is dangerously overestimating West Germany's capacity to act as the locomotive that could pull its trading partners out of the economic doldrums. After Blumenthal's departure, a German Finance Ministry official complained that the U.S.'s arm-twisting tactics showed "a shocking lack of understanding of our economic realities."

To a degree, the Germans are exaggerating their weaknesses. West Germany last month became the first industrial nation to sell as much in goods to the OPEC members as it spends for oil imports. West Germany's trade surplus with the rest of the world reached \$17.5 billion last year, and Bonn has a \$36 billion reserve of gold and foreign currencies. Most important for the nervous West Germans, who are still traumatized by the ravaging inflation of the '70s, the cost of living rose only 4% last year (compared with 10% in France).

West Germans are quick to point out that on other important fronts their economy has not performed well. Unemploy-

ment has been climbing alarmingly. Though half a million *Gastarbeiter* (guest workers) have been shipped back home to provide more jobs for Germans, the number of unemployed has risen from next to nothing in the mid-'60s to a post-war high of 1.2 million, or 5.4% of the labor force. West German economic growth, which in the '60s rivaled that of the Japanese, has slowed to a stumble. At last May's London summit, Schmidt assured fellow leaders that his country would achieve a 5% expansion in 1977. The true figure, however, was only 2.4%, and there is no guarantee that Bonn will achieve its 3.5% target for 1978.

What has gone wrong? A major handicap is the strength of the German mark, which gained 25% in value against the dollar during the past two years. That makes German goods dearer on the world market and cuts into corporate profits. The steel industry has been hurt by Japanese competitors, and the textile industry finds itself priced out of many traditional overseas markets. One consequence: capital investment is drying up.

During the early stages of the 1973 oil crisis and the resulting worldwide recession, Schmidt, who became admirably known as *der Macher* (the Doer), expertly employed a combination of jawboning and mild government pump priming to sustain Germany's growth and stability. But as the economy turned stagnant, even Schmidt has seemed to be stumped. West Germany, which is one of the most modernized of nations, does not need an expanded public works program that could create more jobs. Meanwhile, Schmidt's ambitious drive to build 17 additional nu-

clear plants, which would have created 200,000 jobs, foundered on objections of environmentalists and the violent protests of left-wing demonstrators.

In hopes of giving the economy a little jolt, Schmidt last November cut income taxes by \$10 a month for single people and \$20 a month for couples. Instead of rushing out to spend their new wealth, the thrifty Germans put it in the bank. Next, Schmidt reduced the interest rate for savings, but that had little effect: Germans sock away 15% of their net earnings, while Americans save only 5%.

As Schmidt was cautiously trying to revive the economy, the old inflationary threat came alive. In their first strike since 1896, German dock workers stomped off the job last month, demanding raises far above the government's 4.5% guideposts. After a five-day walkout, the workers won a 7% increase retroactive to January. Then other unions, whose contracts are expiring, began staging brief stoppages in plants from Hamburg to Munich.

Inflation could have unforeseeable political and social effects. A short bout of economic stagflation in the early '60s resulted in the fall of the government of Ludwig Erhard and created the uncertain political climate that led to the onset of student radicalism, which, in turn, contributed to urban terrorism. Given his nation's tragic past experience with economic crises, Schmidt believes the long-term liabilities of inflation would far outweigh any short-term benefit that Bonn and its trading partners might derive from a burst of steam from the German locomotive.

After a rally in January as a result of U.S. support efforts, the dollar plunged last week to record lows against the world's two strongest currencies. It was worth only 2.06 German marks and 1.88 Swiss francs. The dollar also fell in relation to the British pound, the Italian lira, the Japanese yen, and even the recently troubled French franc.

In large part this week's slide was caused by Blumenthal's performance in Europe. At a meeting of finance ministers in Paris, he gave the impression that Washington was less concerned than its trading partners about the slide of the dollar and would not intervene to boost the dollar's value. Actually that is nothing new, but when word of Blumenthal's attitude leaked, the dollar began to fall again. The slide continued as Blumenthal's talks in Bonn failed to patch up the rift between the West's two most important economic powers.

Unfortunately, last week's bad news overshadowed a positive dollar development that otherwise might have added several cents to its worth. In Paris, Saudi Arabian Finance Minister Mohamed Abdel-Kheil told Blumenthal that his country would indeed continue to accept dollars as payment for oil and had no intention of switching to a mix of other currencies.



Blumenthal and Schmidt putting on a show of good fellowship at tense meeting in Bonn

Behind the scenes, arm twisting was countered by a lecture on U.S. "sins."

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If you should find yourself near the town of Leiden, ask someone to point out the spot where the old malt mill named "De Rijn" used to stand. It is here that Rembrandt was born.

In Holland the roads themselves are tourist attractions. As modern as they are, they'll still take you through a picture-book countryside of green meadows, brimming canals, and smiling faces.

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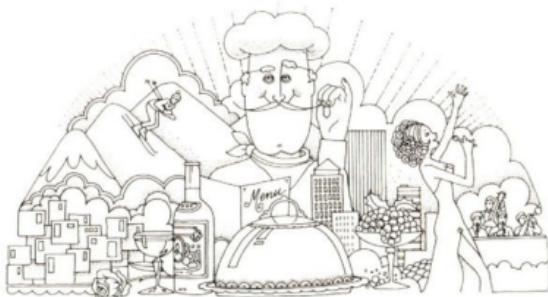
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*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.



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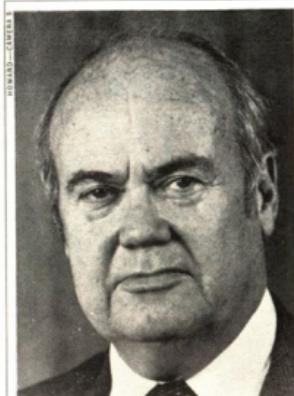
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Cutty 12



Embattled FNMA Boss Oakley Hunter



Protesting HUD Chief Patricia Harris

Feud over Fannie Mae

Politics and policy rend a big lender

The White House has become involved in a maneuver to oust yet another top-level holdover Republican appointee. He is Oakley Hunter, chosen by Richard Nixon as chairman of the Federal National Mortgage Association, known as Fannie Mae, the nation's largest provider of housing finance. As boss of Fannie Mae, Hunter has been feuding with Patricia Harris, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Largely to appease her, the White House acted last week on a HUD memo urging that an emissary be chosen to end the quarrel, perhaps by bringing about Hunter's "voluntary resignation." The memo named five men as possible mediators, including Bert Lance, but the White House gave the job to Robert Strauss, the President's special trade negotiator.

There is a personality clash between the liberal, Humphrey-style Democrat Pat Harris and Oakley Hunter, a former Republican Congressman from Southern California. Their deeper problems center on policy: Should Fannie Mae retain its semi-independence, as Hunter wants, or should it bow to HUD directives, as Harris insists? Specifically, Harris feels that Fannie Mae is far too concerned about making money—last year its profits rose from \$127 million to \$165 million—and too unconcerned with stimulating mortgage lending for low-income housing in the cities.

For its first 26 years, Fannie Mae was a Government agency. In 1968 Congress turned it into a private, profit-oriented company answerable primarily to its stockholders, both individuals and institutions. But the President was given the right to fire its directors "for cause," and HUD was granted some powers to limit Fannie Mae's borrowing. It raises billions

of dollars a year in private markets and then buys mortgages from banks, savings and loan associations and other lenders, giving them money to invest in other mortgages. Currently, Fannie Mae holds about \$34 billion worth of housing debt. In a war of nerves, Harris in recent months has not granted new borrowing authority to Fannie Mae, but instead has doled it out in dribs and drabs.

Hunter, who earns \$140,000 a year, also faces opposition within Fannie Mae's board; of its 15 directors, five are appointed by the President and ten are voted in by stockholders after being nominated by a management committee. Last October, one stockholder-chosen director, Julian Zimmerman, a mortgage banker who was head of the Federal Housing Administration under President Eisenhower, called for Hunter's resignation on the grounds that Fannie Mae's management had grown aloof and unresponsive to both its own board and the Government. In November a motion to censure Hunter barely lost, by an 8 to 6 vote.

The latest crisis was set off because HUD executives heard that Zimmerman and one other anti-Hunter director would not be nominated for re-election at a board meeting scheduled for this Tuesday. So the White House dispatched Strauss to settle the fight and get Hunter's terms for resigning. Meeting with Strauss last week, Hunter talked about quitting in the future, provided that the Administration would guarantee Fannie Mae's "fiscal integrity and independence." Hunter also wanted all of HUD's authority over Fannie Mae transferred to the Treasury. But Pat Harris rejected any such deal, and so the White House remains in the middle of an ongoing fight. ■

Born-Again Bert

Dealing with Armand and Agha and Jimmy

Five months after he was forced out as U.S. budget chief, his finances in disarray and his future in doubt, Bert Lance is well on the way to new riches from a number of ventures. One of them is serving as the American connection for oil-rich Middle East millionaires in search of investment opportunities in the U.S.

Last week Lance got into a new battle. He had been dealing to buy control of Financial General Bankshares Inc., the second largest bank holding company in Washington, D.C., with assets of \$2.2 billion, it controls the Union First National Bank of Washington and close to a dozen other banks in Maryland and Virginia. At a meeting set up by Armand Hammer, who is chairman of Occidental Petroleum and a Financial General board member, Lance told the bank's senior officers he was acting for the London-based Bank of Credit & Commerce International, which specializes in managing Arab funds. At week's end, a group of Financial General shareholders filed suit accusing Lance of engaging in "an unlawful conspiracy secretly to acquire control" and asked Washington District Court to block the takeover.

One of the fastest growing banks in Britain, BCCI has assets of more than \$2 billion, much of it from Kuwait, Abu Dhabi and Dubai. The bank was founded in 1972 by innovative, hard-driving Agha Hasan Abedi, who left his native Pakistan five years ago, when the government nationalized banking. It was Abedi who got Lance together with Ghaffar



Lance as *comptone* TV news commentator
Still lunching in the White House.

Economy & Business

"Rossi" Rides the Big Ski Lift

It is king of the mountain, and tennis racquets are next

Pharaon, a Saudi Arabian entrepreneur, on a deal for Pharaon to buy 120,000 of Lance's 200,000-odd shares in the National Bank of Georgia for \$2.4 million. That bailed out Bert and enabled him to pay off some of his daunting loans.

Lance has had several lengthy meetings with Abedi in recent months, and there have been persistent reports that Lance may join BCCI as a high officer. According to British bankers, Lance, Abedi and Pharaon have talked about creating a company that would be connected with BCCI and aimed primarily at channelling funds from the Middle East into investments in U.S. securities and real estate.

It is uncertain whether Lance may also hold an executive position with Financial General if it is taken over by BCCI. The Securities and Exchange Commission is still examining Lance's management of the National Bank of Georgia and the Calhoun National Bank; among other things, he and his family ran up large and persistent overdrafts while he was the boss of Calhoun. Lance shrugs off rumors that the SEC is debating whether to bar him at least temporarily from holding a management post with a U.S. bank.

The amiable, sleepy-eyed Georgia banker is much more reticent than he once was, especially about his improving finances. Says he: "I don't have to go into detail on that any more." What is beyond question is his continuing closeness to Jimmy Carter. Lance sees or speaks with Carter about twice a month, often over lunch in the White House. He also performs special tasks for the President. For example, Lance, among others, was given the job of phoning key businessmen to tell them—before the news was announced—that Carter had decided to nominate William Miller as Federal Reserve Board chairman. When the State Department tried to withdraw Lance's diplomatic passport after he left office, the White House intervened to let him keep it, because, some Carter aides insisted, the President might send Lance on foreign missions in the future.

Meanwhile, Lance keeps busy giving corporate, populist TV news commentaries in Atlanta and doing a lot of traveling, constantly talking deals and making speeches. In Atlanta in January, he served as chairman of a \$500-a-plate "Southern Salute to the President" that raised almost \$1 million for the Democratic National Committee. Judging from the reception Lance gets, especially in the South, his reputation has not unduly suffered. At a recent fund-raising affair in Greensboro, N.C., Lance shared the platform with Vice President Walter Mondale. The supposedly disgraced banker was introduced by a local pol as "the best thing there was or is about the Carter Administration." Hardly anyone batted an eye. ■

Skis, in a way, are like vodka. Apart from the very top and bottom of the line, many brands are similar in quality, yet a special mystique makes it to buy and use a certain one. Nowadays, from Mt. Fuji to Mt. Blanc—with many mts. in Colorado and Vermont in between—the fashionable ski is "Rossi," fond nickname for the product of Skis Rossignol, a company with headquarters in the French alpine town of Voiron. Rossignol, counting its Dynastar subsidiary, sells more than 16% of the world's skis—1.5 million of the 9 million pairs marketed last year. Before Rossignol's ascendancy, Japan held one-quarter of the market and threatened to smother European competi-

trade and wooden skis on the s.d.e. Boix-Vives borrowed \$50,000, bought the firm and laid off everyone but 27 ski makers, creating a lean, one-product shop. Alais soon devised a metal ski that helped France's Jean Vuarnet win a gold medal in the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley, and Rossignol's reputation was made. Metal skis soared in popularity, but the firm was equipped to turn out only 7,500 pairs of metals, and the U.S.'s Head Skis cornered the market. Says Boix-Vives: "I learned an important lesson then. Always be ready to satisfy demand when it's there."

In the past decade, Rossignol's capacity has risen twentyfold, to 2 million skis a year of wood, metal, plastic and fiber-glass foam. Because cross-country skis are booming, Boix-Vives plans to double capacity in that department this year to 350,000 skis. But his strategy involves more than expansion of capacity. As volume grew in the mid-'60s, the company's increased productivity enabled Boix-Vives to adopt a policy of, as he puts it, "aggressive pricing." Rossignol prices stayed completely stable from 1964 all the way to 1972. Today Rossignol produces eight principal lines of skis, competitively priced from \$50 (for cross-country) to \$230 a pair. Boix-Vives has also sought out the world's best skiers and equipped them with Rossini, including Lise-Marie Morerod, winner of the 1977 World Cup.

Also crucial to Rossignol's success was Boix-Vives's decision to go into multinational manufacturing. Says he: "It was better to produce on location abroad so that we could become accepted. It also gave us a better knowledge of local markets." Indeed, it was the company's Vermont plant that developed a compact ski suitable for New England's thickly wooded hills; the ski has also become a hit in parts of France, Austria and Germany.

Of Rossignol's 3,000 employees, 100 work full time in research and development, a proportion unique among ski makers. In their search for the "ultimate ski," the designers, together with West Germany's Bayer AG, are exploring the properties of polyurethane and compressed air. Boix-Vives is also planning a whole new product line. A dedicated schussier, he was inspired by an American study showing that 80% of his fellow skiers also play tennis. So he plans to spend \$1.3 million to get Rossignol racquets into production. The racquets will be a molded mix of metal and plastic, and they will not be cheap: in the U.S., where they will arrive in 1980, they will cost \$50 to \$70. Most important, they will say ROSSIGNOL—in bold letters. ■



Happy Boix-Vives; Inset: "Rossi" trademark
For once, taking a market from Japan.

itors, now Rossignol sells one-fifth of the skis in Japan, whose export business has plunged but shows some signs of recovery. Rossignol has plants in Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Germany and Williston, Vt. Sales last year approached \$100 million, up from \$57 million in 1976.

President Laurent Boix-Vives (pronounced *Bwah-vee-eh*), now 51, started two ski-lift companies in his home region of Savoie in 1951, after serving an apprenticeship in his father's fruit and vegetable business. In 1955 he learned from a friend, Emile Alais, a former world downhill and slalom champion, of a nearly bankrupt firm, Société Rossignol, that produced wooden spools for the textile



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Sport

COVER STORY

"The Greatest" Is Gone

An era ends as an aging Ali yields his crown

*For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground.
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd . . .*
—Shakespeare, King Richard II

We have a split decision," Ring Announcer Chuck Hull proclaimed, and absolute silence fell over the plush Las Vegas boxing emporium where Muhammad Ali and Leon Spinks had struggled through 15 lashing rounds to claim sport's most special crown. "Judge Art Lurie: 143-142, Ali. Judge Lou Tabat: 145-140. Spinks. Judge Harold Buck: 144-141." A pause, a breath in that utter stillness and then: "The new Heavyweight Champion of the World, Leon Spinks!"

All but the first two words were lost in the roar of the crowd, that unmistakable, primordial voice of a fight crowd hailing a new king of the most basic sport. But the silence before the verdict had spoken too, for it anticipated the passing of a giant, a unique athlete whose skills and life had resonances far beyond the ring. As Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., Cassius X, or Muhammad Ali, he had talked from center stage, mirror and lightning rod for a tumultuous era. Olympic gold medalist, Louisville Lip, upstart champion, Black Muslim convert, draft resister, abomination, martyr, restored champion, road show.

Through everything, Ali was a fighter. In his youth, when he psychéd himself into manic pretensions and took the title from Sonny Liston, he was a dazzling, dancing fighter. In mid-career, when he willed his body through three epic bouts with Joe Frazier, he was a courageous fighter. Toward the end, when he paged his guttering resources to turn away muscular challengers like Ken Norton, he was a thinking fighter. Last week he was an old fighter. He had to match the craft of his past against an opponent who seemed to have little more than youth, stamina—and courage—on his side.

Leon Spinks, just 24, had fought only seven times as a professional after a busy amateur career that culminated, as had Cassius Clay's, with the winning of the Olympic light heavyweight gold medal. Spinks had never fought more than ten rounds. The demanding logic of a title bout requires 15 rounds: it is the final five that probe the heart and take the true measure of a fighter's will. Ali was perhaps the greatest war horse in heavyweight history, a man who had the guts and gifts to win the excruciating final rounds. The odds against Spinks were so prohibitive that only one Las Vegas betting shop would cover wagers—a general cowardice that shook the city's bookmaking creed.

As he fought Spinks, Muhammad Ali's career, in all of its

various styles, was suddenly telescoped. He talked and taunted in the early rounds, danced and threw flurries of punches just as he had years ago—though he paused on the ropes and covered up to rest. He was casually giving rounds away to Spinks, confident the pace would wear him down.

Then, just as he had so many times before, Ali tried to take command in the middle rounds, and for a time the old magic blinked on. In the champion's corner, Trainer Angelo Dundee had noticed that Spinks' early bobbing and weaving had degenerated into an amateur's dangerously upright stance as the young challenger appeared to tire. "This is it," Dundee told Ali before the 10th round. "He's ready to fall. This round, champ, this round. Go get him! Hit him! Take him out now!"

Ali tried. He flicked the famous snakelike jab, laced together combinations and shot rights to Spinks' head. It was exquisitely conceived boxing from Ali, the aesthete of ring art. But what the canny mind desired, the 36-year-old body—measuring itself now in the milliseconds between impulse and action—could not deliver. Age had slowed the timing: too many punches landed without sting, grazed past Spinks' youth-quik dodges or missed altogether.

Spinks got through the 10th round and four more, giving as good as he got, enough to maintain the early points he had built up against Ali. Then came the 15th. Ali bravely swung for the knockout that alone could have saved his championship. His rallies were reminiscent of the magnificent final rounds he had fought in the past—against Joe Frazier and Ken Norton—but there was no power in his punches. He slowed, seemed to move as if underwater, locked in leaden embrace with an equally exhausted Spinks. Finally, unable to fight any longer, Muhammad Ali absorbed two last-second uppercuts, and accepted the final bell, beaten, beaten on his feet.

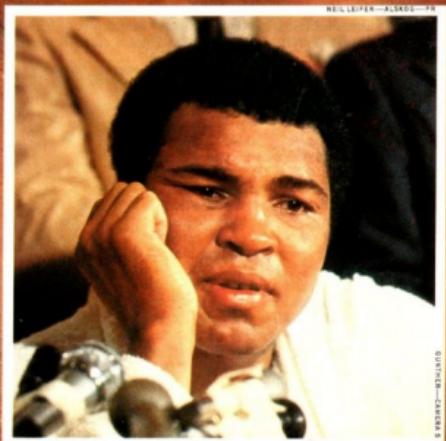
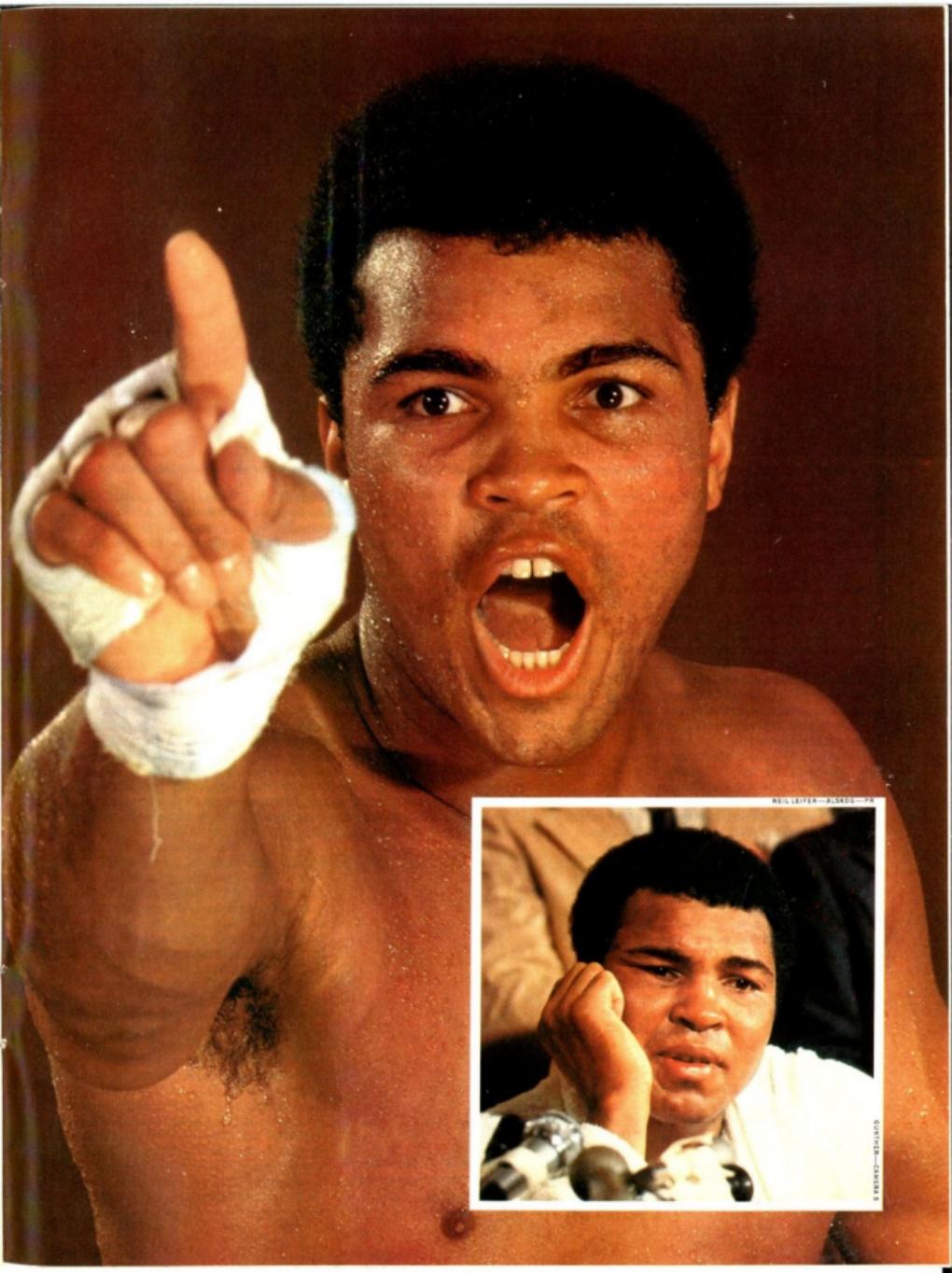
In victory Ali had sought the microphones to shout that he was the prettiest, the greatest. In defeat, battered and swollen, blood splattered on his trunks from a 5th-round cut in his mouth, he did not shy from the questions: "I lost fair and square to Spinks. I did everything right, and I lost. I lost simply because Spinks was better, that's all. It's just another experience in my life, nothing to cry about."

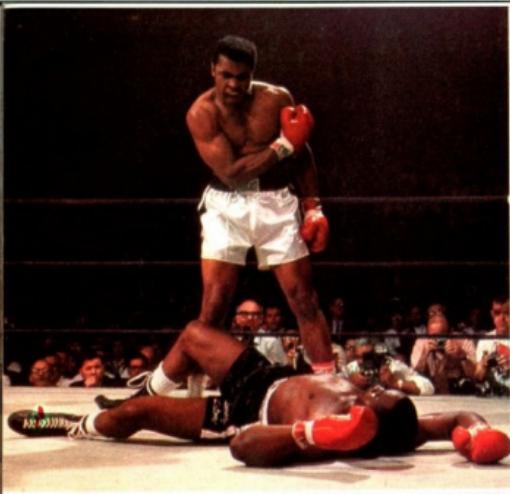
Ali departed the next day on one of those journeys to a global constituency unique to his championship reign. This time the destination was Bangladesh, where he was to dedicate a sports stadium named in his honor. He left behind a new boxing king and a glorious—and sometimes infuriating—past.

To peer into the kaleidoscope of memories of Ali, studying



Leon Spinks exulting after his triumph over a legend
Time, and a slugger's punch, wore his old idol down.





The champion jeering at Sonny Liston during their second fight (1965)

the changing shapes and shifting images, is to glimpse reflections not just of a man, but of an American time. Demanding that the nation know his every thought, insisting that the public mark each of his deeds, he was bound to the events—and thus the lives—of his era.

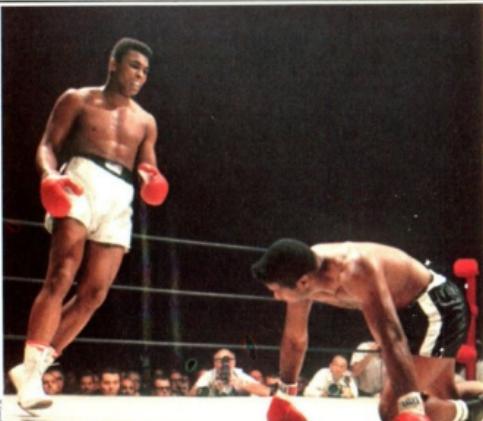
John F. Kennedy was campaigning for the presidency when Cassius Clay Jr. returned triumphant from the Olympic Games in Rome. The blithe boy-child stepped off the plane spouting poetry and singing of his possibilities. He was bold—some said brash—with hopes and dreams, but much seemed within the reach of American aspirations in those freshening days. Cassius signed with a syndicate of wealthy Louisville businessmen, who underwrote his early training as a professional fighter against a 50% belief in purses to come. He had been boxing since the age of twelve with the heavyweight title as his unwavering goal, and he was willing to pay any price, bear any burden to fulfill his vision.

With the aid of his backers, Ali apprenticed under Trainer Angelo Dundee, a skilled groomer of fighters. Dundee recalls: "The Louisville group wanted me to train him. I told them to send him down to Miami after Christmas. Twenty minutes later, I get a call telling me Ali wasn't waiting till after Christmas, he was coming right away. They told me he said, 'I don't want to wait for Christmas. I want to fight.' That's how it all started in October 1960."

Dundee soon discovered just how good his young charge was. The strident gym voice softens, as if remembering something rare and lovely: "Oh, yes, I knew I had a winner. Of all the fighters I've ever known, only he could make the heavy bag sing when he hit it. I used to hear him make it snap like a snare drum every time I came up the stairs to the gym."

"He ran seven miles to the gym from the hotel and back every day along the causeway. He was always the first in and the last out of the gym. He is the most unspoiled kid I've ever had. He insisted on putting on his own gloves. He didn't like to be pampered."

Dundee tells how he had barnstormed the country with the young Clay and finally brought him into Madison Square Gar-



A derisive Ali flooring Floyd Patterson after humiliating him (1965)

den in 1962 to fight Sonny Banks. "Banks hit Ali with the finest left hook I've ever seen. It would have floored King Kong. Ali's eyes glazed like he was out of it, and his keester hit the canvas. Then he sprang back up, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and stopped the guy cold. He won by a knockout. That's when I knew for sure, I really thought for split second that Bank's punch was goodbye to everything, then and there."

Cassius moved up in the rankings, and with each step he minted new doggerel predicting the round of his opponent's defeat. The talking, talking, talking had begun in earnest now; the young, barely literate Louisville Lip displayed the stirrings of a genius more valuable in a media age: a flair for public relations, for hype and self-aggrandizement.

He superbly displayed his talents for promotion in 1964, when he was matched for the title with Champion Sonny Liston, a great, seemingly invincible giant of a man. Clay called Liston an "ugly old bear" and pranced around carrying a bear trap to the delight of the photographers. Budini Brown, Clay's corner man and cheerleader, gave his fighter the perfect line: "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." That is precisely what he did. Cassius attacked, disappeared on those marvelously fast feet, attacked again, disappeared again, until the bear was beaten, helpless in his corner.

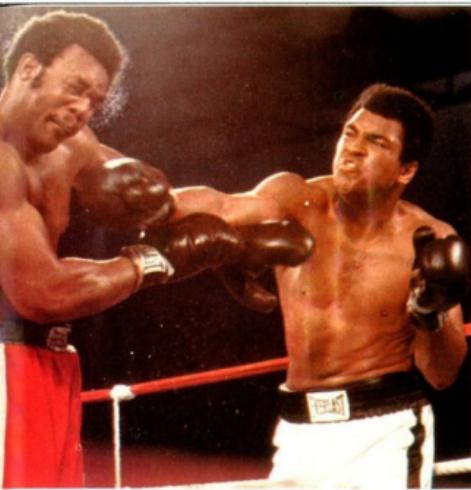
HORATIO L. BISHOP

Then the first shock from this narcissistic, almost coquettish new champion. He went off after the fight to eat ice cream in the company of Malcolm X, the Black Muslim leader whose unyielding words attacked the nation's racial hostilities and foretold the fire to come. The next morning, the conqueror of Liston told sportswriters he had become a Black Muslim.

It seemed at first that the conversion was just another idiosyncrasy, some kind of gimmick. It was nothing of the kind. Clay had actually changed his religion before the Liston fight. Harold Conrad, former sportswriter, sometime promoter, and in the years when Ali was banished from the ring, tireless seeker after the means of his return, was privy to a preflight crisis. Two weeks before the fight in Miami, Promoter Bill McDonald learned of Ali's Black Muslim associates and threatened to cancel the fight if Cassius did not denounce the Muslims. Conrad remembers: "When Ali heard that the fight was going to be



With Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad (1966)
Arousing the anger of a white society.



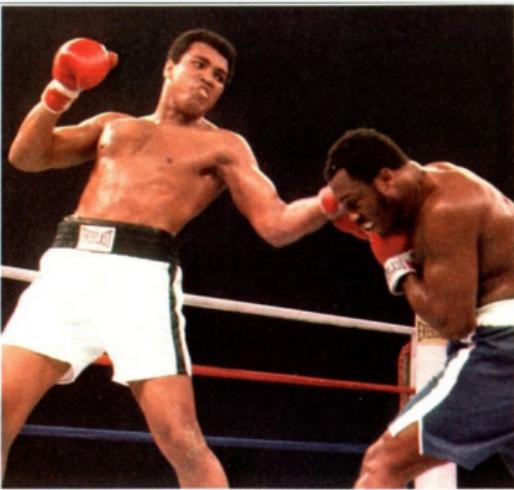
Ali winning his title back from George Foreman in Zaire (1974)

nixed, he turned to Angelo and said matter-of-factly, "Well, that's that." He had absolutely no intention of renouncing his faith, not even for a crack at the world championship he'd fought and slaved so long and hard to get. It meant chucking the fight and plunging into obscurity, but he didn't hesitate."

His conversion, complete with the adoption of the new name, Muhammad Ali, raised eyebrows but not full public ire—yet. He was funny and, yes, pretty, and so what if Malcolm X was looking over the man-child's shoulder? He was still eating ice cream. How bad could it be?

Ali and the American public learned the answer to the question in 1965, when he defended his title against Floyd Patterson. A sporting event became a religious war between Catholic Patterson and Muslim Ali. It was also a terrible mismatch between a flagging ex-champ and a cruelly derisive young titleholder. By the time of the K.O. in the 12th round, even the most bloodthirsty fight fans were sickened by the gruesome giving and taking of pain. But there was more than that to the scene. White America had seen Watts burn with a deadly rage that summer. Now there stood a triumphant Black Muslim fighter, lips peeled back around his mouthpiece, sneering down at a soft-spoken, respected black who talked of moderation. Muhammad Ali had confirmed the worst fears; the rest came easy.

There was a war on. Every night, television sets in the nation's living rooms showed—in color—the horror of the fighting in Viet Nam. Ali refused to do his bit. "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Cong," he said, and changed his life forever. When the Army tried to draft Ali, he appealed, claiming that, as a Black Muslim, he was a conscientious objector: Ali managed to squeeze in a few fights, mostly in Europe, before the date he was supposed to take the fateful step forward to induction. Ironically, the man who read so haltingly that he was once declared below Army standards was also invited to lecture on campuses by students who were sitting out the war behind a book. Ali became the symbol of opposition to the war at a time when Lyndon Johnson still was in office and, supposedly, there was light at the end of the tunnel. He was also bitterly attacked in the press for his close association with Elijah Muhammad, the Black Muslim lead-



Battering Joe Frazier during their third and toughest fight (1975)

er. The Chicago Tribune ran eleven anti-Ali draft stories in a single issue.

Ali and his entourage claim that the Government secretly sought to strike a deal—offering, if he would go quietly into uniform, to allow him to defend his title regularly and put on boxing exhibitions. A similar arrangement had been worked out for Joe Louis during World War II. The Pentagon last week denied that any such arrangement was ever suggested to Ali.

By April 1967, Ali had exhausted all of his appeals. At the Houston Induction Center, he refused orders to step forward to join the Army. Within minutes the New York State Athletic Commission rescinded his boxing license; it took the World Boxing Association four hours to do its patriotic duty and take away his title. The State Department confiscated his passport so that he could not travel to nations willing to sanction his fighting. For his stand, Ali was convicted of draft evasion and given a five-year prison sentence. He started the lengthy process of appeal, and discovered that he could no longer get fights in the U.S. Conrad recalls the banishment: "I canvassed 27 states trying to get him a license to fight. I even tried to set up a fight in a bullring across the border from San Diego, and they wouldn't let him leave the country. Overnight HAROLD BINGHAM he became a 'nigger' again. He threw his life away on one toss of the dice for something he believed in. Not many folks do that."

For three and one-half years, Ali was not allowed to earn a purse at the only work he knew. The banishment cost him his fighting prime. Finally, late in 1970, he began to get some bouts: he tuned up by beating Jerry Quarry and Oscar Bonavena and then challenged Joe Frazier for the title on March 8, 1971. He lost, but three months later scored a bigger victory in another arena. On June 28, 1971, his conviction was overturned by the Supreme Court, which ruled 8 to 0 that the draft board had improperly denied Ali's claim for exemption on grounds that he was a conscientious objector. Ali returned to the frustrating trail of a contender: a broken jaw at the hands of Ken Norton, a rematch triumph over Frazier, newly dethroned by George Foreman.

No matter that his best years were gone;



Just before draft-evasion conviction (1967)
Refusing to do his bit in Viet Nam.

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Sport

the fighter was back working at his craft. His championship had been a bully pulpit, and he eagerly sought it once more. The Muslims had softened their separatist hard line, and with that there was less raw, reverse-racism talk from Ali. Finally Ali reclaimed his crown in Kinshasa, Zaire. George Foreman, the hardest puncher since Sonny Liston, spent himself pounding Muhammad Ali ceaselessly—and uselessly—on the ropes one early African morning. Ali again was the underdog, but it was his galvanic personality that drew the attention of the world.

In his long odyssey, Muhammad Ali became a global celebrity on a scale known by only a handful of men. He called upon heads of state, and it is they who were thrilled by the meeting. As one of the world's most recognizable faces, he drew appreciative, knowing crowds from African village to Asian hamlet to European capital. If he walked a single block, he trailed a mob in his wake. Now an aged, dethroned champion, he can no longer light the ring with his skills. But the path he burned across his time remains.

A few days before the fight, Muhammad Ali sprawled on the couch of his 29th-floor Las Vegas hotel suite. His eyes were closed, the great, graceful body quiet under a maroon-and-white bathrobe. His 18-month-old daughter's doll lay near by, and from the next room came the laughter of his third wife, Veronica, and another daughter. The room filled gradually with relatives, gym figures, musicians, sycophants, friends. His dietitian entered, carrying a bushel bag of carrots. The champ suddenly clucked. Everyone jumped. This sound of a popping champagne cork is Ali's command signal. It was a summons for his infant daughter, Laila, dutifully brought in by her nanny and admired by the clique.

With the time to the fight measured now in hours, Ali had no presentiment that this was the bout when the overarching years would finally catch him: "I've never felt better. I've never been in better shape." He spoke to TIME Correspondent James Wilde in a sleepy whisper: "Because people know athletes are superior physically, when they see these men go downhill, they

Leon Spinks Becomes a Somebody

Not since Pete Rademacher stepped into a ring with Floyd Patterson in 1957 has a heavyweight fought for the title with as little experience as Leon Spinks. Rademacher commuted to the canvas seven times that night, then left in search of an ice pack. Spinks left with the heavyweight crown and the sort of slum-to-stardom story that no savvy scriptwriter would ever dare submit to a director.

The eldest of seven children raised in a crumbling St. Louis housing project, Spinks took his first fight lessons from local street toughs, who dubbed him "Mess-over" (because he was easy to mess over) and mugged him for small change. Punches in fights eventually cost him two front teeth, causing the gap that has become his trademark. Spinks' parents separated some 13 years ago, and his mother taught Bible classes at home while keeping the impoverished family going with welfare money and maternal grit. His father once punished Leon by suspending him from a nail and administering a beating, and regularly assured his son—and anyone else who would listen—that he would "never amount to anything." Recalls Spinks: "That became my thing. To be somebody."

He began with boxing instruction at a neighborhood center and younger brother Michael as sparring partner. After dropping out of school in the tenth grade, he eventually joined the Marine Corps and its Camp Lejeune boxing squad. Despite a tendency to avoid training whenever possible, Spinks' brawling aggressiveness won him a spot on the 1976 U.S. Olympic team in Montreal. While Mom watched on a borrowed TV set in



New champ meets the press after victory

St. Louis, he and Michael, by then a fast-rising middleweight, became the first brothers to win gold medals in boxing simultaneously.

The exposure of his Olympic triumphs on TV proved to be more valuable to the elder Spinks than a good left hook. He got an early discharge from the Marines, moved to Philadelphia with his wife Nova and his stepdaughter, and quickly turned pro after signing up with Boxing Promoter Bob Arum. Hungering for fresh fighters, CBS aired six of his first seven bouts as a pro.

Spinks' early competition came straight from Palookaville. He easily dispatched his first opponent, a Brooklyn butcher named Lightning Bob Smith. Three first-round K.O.s followed, and in fight No. 5, Spinks' competitor withdrew at the last minute. A stand-in, signed just hours before the scheduled bout, left in a stupor after three rounds. By then, even Spinks' ho-hum matches against Journeyman Scott LeDoux and Italian Alvio Righetti could not dim his TV marketability.

Naturally modest and easygoing outside the ring, Spinks seemed overwhelmed by his victory. "I'm just thinking wow, man, it's great, it's great! Sometimes I just can't believe it," he gushed. "I'm the best young heavyweight, but I ain't the greatest. He was the greatest."

Confronted with admirers and new-found followers of his own, Spinks quickly retreated to a room rented under a different name in the Las Vegas Hilton. In the tumult of victory, all the new champion could think of was that he'd like to take a trip somewhere: "Maybe a cruise. Yeah, a cruise. I'd like to go to England."



The challenger landing his left on a weary Ali in the 12th round

Sport

see themselves. Everything gets old. The pyramids of Egypt are now crumbling. Buildings crumble, and so do monuments of all kinds. When we look at our bodies, we see how its shape is changing. We see our children and we see ourselves in them. It don't take the fall of an athlete to show people they can fall too.

He looked back on his life and times: "My life has been a lot of fun, a lot of suffering and a lot of pain. It has also been a lot of testing: being black in America and saying the things you want to say and exercise real freedom. My life has made me controversial; it has made me different. My title was taken away because of my religious beliefs and for not going to war. The decision to deprive me of my title was reversed, but first I was tested."

Ali twisted on the couch and considered the future: "I'd like to keep the title for 15 years, the longest any man, white or black. Not even Presidents ruled that long. I'd like that." He grinned wolfishly: "But one must face reality. We all go down eventually. And this makes you sad, but you always have, for the rest of your life, the knowledge that you were a winner to the last. I want to go out a winner. I really do."

Many ghosts shadow the comet-man Ali. Old opponents, ancient grievances, roiling issues stilled by forgetfulness and, perhaps, forgiveness. Yet he can be bitter. Someone last week remarked that the U.S. was the greatest country in the world. "Yes," said Ali dryly. "I have access to it sometimes."

But he also has the gentle memories of children. For however much his ego has needed the reinforcement of the crowd, he has been a most accessible public figure, striding into schoolyards and across sidewalks, a plainly gleeful Pied Piper who always, always signs autographs for kids. The touch of a heavyweight champion is a big moment to a child, and in some ineffable manner those titled men seemed drawn to children. It is remarkable how many ex-fight-



Chatting with Jackie (1977); below: setting out at twelve



ers work with children after retirement. Perhaps it is a means of staying close to the incandescence of their youth. Or perhaps it is an impulse to pass on that special strength forged in fighting, man's first competition. Ali tells how his daughter tried to thread a needle for several minutes, then gave up in frustration. "I spanked her and made her try again. It wasn't important for her to thread the needle, but it was important to wash away the taste of defeat. She had to learn she could not fail."

Defeat came to Muhammad Ali, with it the ghosts of a Miami night. Sonny Liston had been a tired man, worn by poverty and prison. At 35, he was old for a fighter—even for a slugger who stayed put and blasted. He got into the ring

with a strong, fast, young Cassius Clay, who had nothing to lose and a crown to gain. Last week Muhammad Ali was a tired man too, pummeled in the ring for 24 years—amateur and professional. At 36, he was old for a fighter—especially for a boxer who must move and whittle. And, like Liston, Ali had looked across the ring and seen a lean, eager, young fighter. In the words of promoter Bob Arum: "Ali was beaten by his own shadow."

After a remarkable reign, Muhammad Ali stands whole—old and young, winner and loser—for assessment. Was he really, as he proclaimed from the earliest days, the greatest? Comparing fighters of different eras is a risky enterprise, flawed by changes in boxing rules, training methods, improved diet and medical care. Then there are those shifting subjective: the accuracy of recollection and loyalty to generations. One expert favors Joe Louis, another Jack Dempsey, voting for the knock-out punch that Ali admittedly never had. Rocky Marciano was inelegant, but he could hit and he never lost a fight.

Ring Announcer Don Dunphy, who has called the blow-by-blow in over 2,000 fights during a 37-year career, insists: "Certainly Ali's the fastest heavyweight champion of all time. Joe Louis had fast hands, but not fast feet. Rocky was a bit of a

All with Philippine President Marcos (1975) Greeting President Mobutu in Zaire (1974)

With Egyptian President Nasser (1966)



plodder." Joe Frazier, who ought to know, credits Ali's savvy: "He knows how to psych most of his men out." Veteran Manager Gil Clancy pays homage to the post-exile Ali's distinguishing characteristic: "He can absorb a punch better than any fighter who ever lived." Still, there is a tendency among the experts to say the best fighter probably was Louis, the man with the fast and powerful hands. But Ali had something else that put him in a class apart, a personal flair that, coupled with his athletic skills did indeed make him "the greatest." No less an authority than Dempsey praises Ali for his accomplishments: "He brought back boxing. It was dying, and he brought it back."

Will Ali come back? He insists that he shall, pinning everything on one last benchmark: becoming the first man to regain the title a third time. "I ain't through yet," he claims. "I want that boy, and I want him bad." The new champion is also eager for a rematch.

Ali does not need to fight Spinks for the money. He made nearly \$60 million in purses—\$3.5 million against Spinks, who got \$320,000—and even Ali could not spend all that. Two di-

vorces, bad investments, taxes, profligate generosity and a large, leeching entourage have made tens of millions vanish, but he has an estimated \$2 million in cash and real estate. He has no need to stagger through humiliating defeats, as did Joe Louis, trading on memory and affection in order to survive.

What drives Ali to think of returning to the ring is pride. If he could somehow beat Spinks and win back his title, he would round out his career and make time stand still—for a little while. The rhyming ex-champion is much like Shakespeare's deposed poet-king Richard, who wrestled with himself and the gathering forces that beat against his life. Muhammad Ali creaked across his stage, by turns as hopeful and despairing as his times. He is unlikely to go quietly into the past.

*O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name.
Or that I could forget what I have been.
Or not remember what I must be now.*
—King Richard II

Where Are the Ex-Champs Now?

All the heavyweight champions have known some of the glory that Ali did—and for the rest of their lives they can take solace from the fact that they once held the most coveted title in boxing. Three of the ex-champs since Joe Louis are dead: Rocky Marciano was killed in a plane crash in 1969, Sonny Liston died of an overdose of drugs in 1970, and in 1975 Ezzard Charles succumbed to the lingering muscular disease that killed baseball's Lou Gehrig. Louis and the other five surviving champions have coped with life without the title in a variety of ways:


Joe Louis, 63, captured the heavyweight crown in 1937 by knocking out James J. Braddock, then successfully defended his title 25 times, scoring 21 K.O.s. Although Louis is made nearly \$5 million, ill-advised business ventures, a costly divorce and his penchant for high living led to a financial squeeze. By 1956 he owed \$1.25 million in taxes. In 1970 Louis was briefly committed to a psychiatric hospital by his family. The ex-champ eventually went to work as an official greeter for Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Last November Louis had open-heart surgery in Houston, where he is still recuperating.

better invested." But, he adds proudly, "no one will have to put on a benefit for me."



Floyd Patterson, 43, gained the championship by winning a tournament after Marciano retired in 1956. Patterson lost the title to Ingemar Johansson in 1959 and then won it back in 1960, making

him the first man ever to regain the championship. After two first-round knockouts by Sonny Liston, he retired in 1972. Patterson now operates an amateur boxing club and is New York's acting athletic commissioner. After he lost his title, Patterson was so humiliated that he sometimes wore disguises. Now he says: "What I've been looking for throughout my whole life I have found, and that's simply peace of mind."



Jersey Joe Walcott, 64, won the title from Charles in 1951, then retired 14 months later after being K.O.'d by Marciano. Walcott is now thriving in his native New Jersey as an organizer of community programs for handicapped and retarded children. He also served for three years as sheriff of Camden County, and is currently the state's acting athletic commissioner. Walcott, who claims he never earned a purse larger than \$300 during his first 15 years of boxing, concedes that some of his later winnings "could have been

Point, Fla., two years ago. Johansson is now divorced; his ex-wife Birgit and their four children live in Sweden. A paunchy 240 lbs., Johansson plays some

tennis and a lot of golf and admits he is still looking for a post-boxing career. Says he: "I haven't done anything, really. I am like a used-car dealer; I stick my nose in everything I can make a profit on."



Joe Frazier, 34, won the title vacated by Ali when he beat Jimmy Ellis in 1970. The man with the fearsome left hook reigned until George Foreman knocked him out in 1973. Two subsequent defeats

—a loss to Ali and a quick K.O. by Foreman in 1976—propelled him out of the ring and into a so-so nightclub singing career. After winning the title, Frazier earned over \$6 million and invested in real estate, including a Philadelphia gym and farm land in nearby Bucks County. Although he clearly has no financial problems, Smokin' Joe has resumed training and plans a comeback bout this spring against Scott LeDoux. Claims Frazier: "I haven't slowed down at all."



George Foreman, 30, a gold medalist in the 1968 Olympics, surrendered the title he won from Frazier by losing to Ali in 1974 in Kinshasa, Zaïre. That extravaganza earned him \$5 million. Despite his rep-

utation as an awesome puncher, Foreman's attempted comeback ended last year when he lost a unanimous decision to Jimmy Young and, exhausted, landed in the hospital. Foreman has since converted to fundamentalism and, say friends, is now preparing himself for religious work. With his wife, the Miss Black Teen-Age America of 1972, he lives as a recluse on a 220-acre ranch near Marshall, Texas.

Books

The Cold War's First Family

DULLES by Leonard Mosley; Dial; 530 pages; \$12.95



CIA Chief Allen W. Dulles in 1961



John Foster Dulles as a Government envoy, 1951



Sister Eleanor in 1957. John Foster, Margaret, Allen, Eleanor and Natalie, 1900



The rectilinear and Protestant tribe did not throw each other into swimming pools.

It would be too much to call the Dulles family the Kennedys of the Eisenhower years: the rectilinear and Protestant Dulles tribe did not throw each other into swimming pools. But the Dulles family had something of the same proprietary interest in the world and the power that runs it. From the State Department, John Foster Dulles presided over the cold war and the nation's other dealings with the rest of the planet. His sister Eleanor was in charge of the State Department's crucial Berlin desk. Allen Dulles, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, controlled a shadow kingdom that raised private armies, deposed Presidents, bribed Kings and generally kept track of the world. The Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg once called Allen the most dangerous man in the world and predicted that if he ever succeeded in getting into heaven, he would

"be found mining the clouds, shooting up the stars and slaughtering the angels." Allen was delighted.

The Dulleses are remembered somewhat grimly: the stern Foster in steel-rimmed glasses, cocking his chin against the Communist threat; Allen, urbane but swallowed by the anonymity of his institution; and Eleanor, out of sight altogether. Biographer Leonard Mosley shows them to be a brood who, for all their Republican orthodoxy, were capable of great spirit and flashes of color.

A grandfather, John Watson Foster, was Secretary of State under Benjamin Harrison. An uncle, Robert M. Lansing, became Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State. The children whose father was a Presbyterian minister in upstate New York, enjoyed a vaguely Kennedy-esque upbringing that taught them sailing on

Lake Ontario, the endurance of cold morning showers and furiously intense sibling competition. Foster, the eldest of the five children, was the foremost of the group, grave and sententious; he quoted William James at the age of ten. Allen, four years younger, was Byronically romantic and found a place for his temperament in intelligence work.

Mosley has, among other things, assembled a wonderful collection of anecdotes about Allen and the international dacoity that he practiced. In April of 1917, while serving as a duty officer at the American legation in Berne, Allen had a date with a girl and therefore refused to see someone named V.I. Lenin. By next day, Lenin was on his way back to Russia, where he immediately ordered peace negotiations with the Germans to begin. Lenin, who admired Woodrow Wilson, had wanted to establish an American contact.

Allen was a womanizer. When his wife first discovered this, she coolly went to Cartier and charged a large emerald to his account. It was her "compensation," she told Allen, and every time he strayed he would pay a similar price. Mosley does not record how large Mrs. Dulles' jewelry collection became, though Sister Eleanor guesses that "there were at least a hundred women in love with Allen at one time or another."

During World War II, Allen returned to Berne for the OSS. Among others, he recruited Fritz Kolbe, an employee of the Nazi foreign office who delivered plans for the V-2 rocket missiles and minutes of the meetings of Hitler's inner council. When Allen became head of the CIA in 1953, he applied the same stylish inge-

Excerpt

“At CIA expense the shah was established in Rome with his wife, Soraya, and told to hold himself ready to return to his country. While in Rome, Soraya received a visit from an American gynecologist who had been summoned from the United States by Kim Roosevelt. She had been trying for some time to produce a son and heir for the shah, and had failed to do so... The gynecologist went into a complicated explanation of the fertility cycle, the waywardness of ovaries, and why it was difficult to make eggs drop at the right moment. She must just keep on trying and keep her husband 'interested' in her.

"Doctor," said Soraya, "all I'm asking you to do find something to break my eggs. I'll see the shah goes on making the omelettes."

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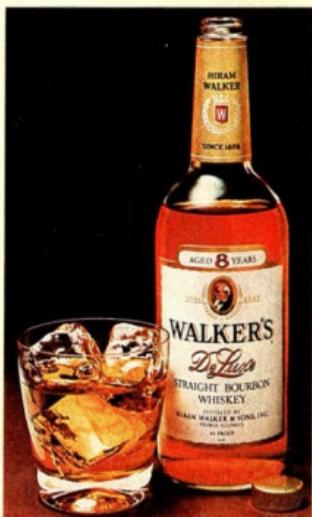
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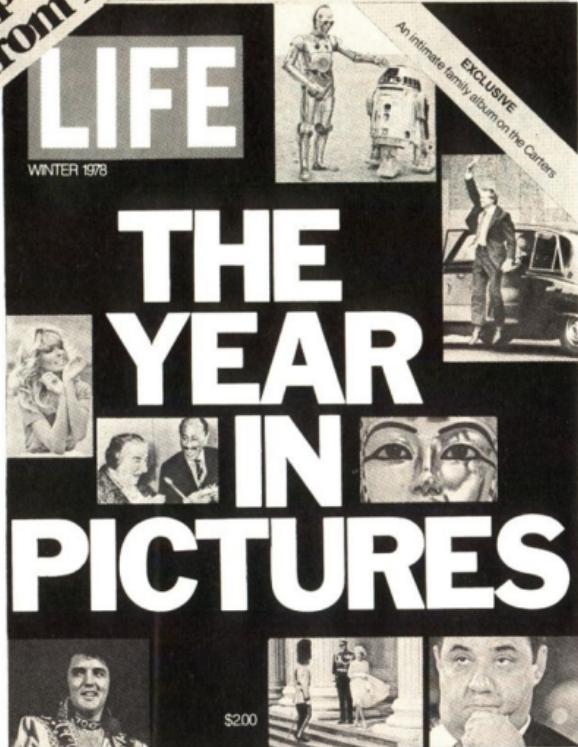
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Books

nuity and ruthlessness he had learned in the OSS. One of his greatest successes was the Berlin Tunnel in 1954. At a cost of \$4 million, the CIA burrowed into East Berlin to tap all calls from Communist Berlin, including those to Moscow.

The CIA had an annual budget of \$97 million in 1950, for which only the most general accounting had to be given during Allen's years in control. From the director's own discretionary fund, he dispensed \$30,000 a year to one member of the French Cabinet and once handed him \$500,000 to distribute among fellow members of the Chamber. Allen lavished secret funds on Saudi Arabia, including money that may have gone for the virgins and small boys King Saud fancied. Said one former agent: "He was never against the unclean side of intelligence, so long as he could convince himself, as he usually could, that it was being done for a cause."

Foster is the Dulles whom Mosley clearly likes the least. He quotes a wicked story about Foster's first appearance before the House Committee on Appropriations to give the members a sort of *tour d'horizon*. State Department assistants had to ask if the Secretary could change the transcript substantially before it was released. In his appearance, said one State Department man, Foster ticked off countries with capsule evaluations: "France . . . all those mistresses and dirty postcards. Italians . . . an asset to their enemies in every war they've fought. The Middle East: full of Arabs, but also full of oil." Churchill remarked, "Foster Dulles is the only case I know of a bull who carries his china shop with him." That may be too brisk a dismissal. Though he operated in a sometimes heavyhanded "brimstone's" style, in his nearly eight years as Secretary of State, he became a tough and savvy diplomat who could match the Soviets in sheer implacability.

In a way, the most interesting of the Dulles family was Eleanor, an intelligent and independent woman forced to work all her life in her brothers' shadows. In 1926 her doctoral thesis at Radcliffe was published under the title *The French Franc*. John Maynard Keynes declared it "the best book on monetary inflation that I know." After World War II, Eleanor played a major part in helping Austria reorganize its economy.

Eleanor is now 82. Foster died of cancer in 1959, displaying to the last the great family stoicism that prompted one of his doctors to remark that he was the only man he had known who insisted on walking normally when suffering from gout. Allen's reputation never recovered from the Bay of Pigs, and he died in 1969. Some of the guests at his funeral noticed that the Presbyterian minister's eulogy soared to heights he had never reached before, in a style he had never used before. There was an explanation: the sermon was written by the CIA.

—Lance Morrow

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Is it crazy to love marker pens that give you the smoothest, thinnest line in town?

Is it kinky to go buggy over pens that feel so right in your hand?

Is it mad to worship pens with clever little metal "collars" to keep their plastic points from getting squishy?

Is it neurotic to adore pens that will never skip out on you?

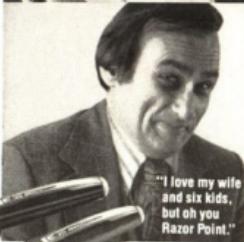
If it was an ordinary marker pen, we'd have to say yes, but with Pilot Razor Point, it's only normal. After all, it is the best you'll find around. Consider its beautiful tip. Nowhere else will you find such an extra-fine delicate line. What's more, it can be yours to have and to hold for only 69¢.

And for those times when you want your line a little less delicate, consider having a fling with another Pilot pen. The sleek fine point Fineline with the will and fortitude to write through carbons. And it can be had for a mere 59¢.

If it is sick to love a pen, there are millions of doctors, lawyers, cab drivers, housewives, bookkeepers, students, architects, poets, business people, art directors, copywriters, stenographers and short story writers in this world who must be nuts.

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will make me
sergeant yet."



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CHICAGO

WJAZ STEREO FM-104

Books

White on White

SNOW

by Ruth Kirk
Morrow; 320 pages; \$12.50

But where," asked the 15th century French poet François Villon, "are the snows of yesteryear?" Ruth Kirk knows, and in her newly published *Snow*, she answers not only Villon's question but any others the reader—be he skier, scientist or snowbound suburbanite—may have about the stuff that delights children, often annoys and inconveniences adults, and, to a greater extent than most people are aware, has influenced the course of history and will continue to do so. As Kirk describes, the snows of yesteryear—and the years before that—have been compressed for thousands of years into the hard ice of the glaciers that hold three-quarters of the world's fresh water. The snows of today are falling on our fields and mountains, where, it is hoped, they will provide the world with the waters of tomorrow.

A prolific writer of books and articles about nature, Kirk has already won awards for her studies of such subjects as deserts and whales. She deserves another for *Snow*. With her forest-ranger husband, she spent five winters on a part of Mount Rainier, where snow depths regularly reach to the third-story window. Each flake, she explains, is in fact clusters of crystals that become stuck together as they fall. She tells how the crystals themselves form, and how snow changes once it falls. It is useful information, especially for skiers, who should wax their boards differently for different types of snow. Small wonder, she notes, that the Eskimos have more than two dozen words in their language to describe various kinds of snow. Yet the substance, which slowed

Hannibal and nearly defeated Russia in its "winter war" with Finland, is much misunderstood. Thought of as sterile, it teems with microorganisms, from single-celled creatures to the ice worms immortalized in Robert Service's poem *The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill*:

*You know what it's like in the Yukon wild when it's sixty-nine below;
When the ice-worms wriggle their purple heads through the crust
of the pale blue snow;*

The only thing snow may not be is infinitely variable. One would like to believe that no two snowflakes are identical. But, notes Ruth Kirk, there are no physical rules that should prevent nature from duplicating itself, and there are more than half a million snowflakes in each cubic foot of snow. Scientists may not have found two flakes that are exactly alike. But then, they really haven't looked at that many.

—Peter Stoler

Note Worthy

A HANDBOOK FOR SCHOLARS

by Mary-Claire van Leunen
Knopf; 354 pages; \$12.95 hard-cover,
\$5.95 paperback

Graduate schools do not profess to train people to write at the greatest possible length for the smallest possible number. But they might as well take credit for the job. Thanks to a number of factors,¹ the typical scholarly article is now a footnote-clotted monstrosity comprehensible only to the few friends, enemies and students who already know what is on the author's mind. Everybody talks about the academic smog. Mary-Claire van Leunen, a writer and editor, has done something about it.

Not for her the easy way out. She could have recommended that the subsidies for a thousand or so academic journals be canceled; the state of prose writing in the U.S. would have improved overnight. Instead of draining the swamp, though, Van Leunen wants to redecorate it. The first suggestion in her manual does away with old-fashioned footnotes and the superscripts² that heralded them. This simple stroke could save typists and printers everywhere from a common, dizzying dilemma: how to make the damnable text and footnotes count out correctly on each page. The new footnote would simply be a number, in brackets, that refers a reader to the corresponding number in the bibliography. This change is not totally revolutionary. Spared

¹Increasing specialization of knowledge, the splintering of old disciplines into many new ones, the rise of the masses, the decline of the West and close encounters of the surd kind.

²Nothing to add here. Number² is given only as an example.



Bentley's microscopic photo of snow crystals
Providing the world's water for tomorrow.

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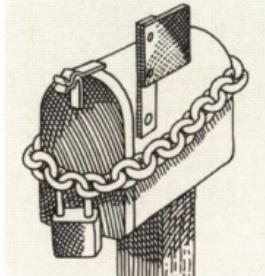
"Just some more advertising." It's easy to say that, and toss a piece of mail, unopened and unread, into the wastebasket. But people who never read advertising mail could be missing out on some pleasant surprises.

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If you'd like to get less advertising mail, there's a simple way to stop most of it from ever reaching your mailbox. The Direct Mail Marketing Association, which represents 1700 companies who advertise and sell by mail, has set up a Mail Preference Service for your convenience.

Just fill in the coupon below, checking the box marked "Name-Removal," and mail it to us at the address shown. We'll promptly send you a simple form. When the form is completed and returned, the companies participating in this program will remove your name from their mailing lists. About 90 days after returning the Name-Removal Form, you should notice what will become a substantial reduction in the amount of mail advertising you receive.

There's no way we can stop *all* advertising mail from reaching you—but we will do our best. Participating companies are glad to extend this courtesy.

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DIRECT MAIL/MARKETING ASSOCIATION
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I want to receive *more* advertising mail on the subjects that interest me most. Please send me an ADD-ON Form.

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(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WE HAVE TO ADMIT, EUROPEANS DO KNOW A LOT ABOUT GOOD WINE.



A genuine cork from Inglenook Petite Sirah 1973, gold medal winner at Europe's Le Monde Selection competition.

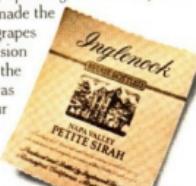
You see, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wines are made the only way a truly great wine can be made. Our grapes are picked and crushed under the direct supervision of our winemaster. So, even before we entered the competition we knew our '73 Petite Sirah was a winner. (Not to mention, the year before, our '72 won the highest award at the Oenological Institute's Sixth Annual Wine Competition.)

For years we've been saying just how fine a wine Inglenook is. Now the opinion is international.

Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, Napa Valley, California

RECENTLY, AT ONE of Europe's most prestigious wine competitions, Inglenook won the highest honor awarded to an American wine. Our Estate Bottled Napa Valley Petite Sirah 1973 won a gold medal at the 14th Le Monde Selection Wine and Spirits competition.

Obviously, we were greatly honored. But humbly speaking, not too surprised.



INGLENOK
When you toast from the heart, remember,
our heart is in it too.

Books



Etching of Dr. Stedman reading, 1868

Like eating a single peanut or potato chip.

are what the author calls "content footnotes,"³ those often pointless little entries at the bottom of the page, in which scholars amuse⁴ themselves if not others. The author holds these in high regard: "By using footnotes judiciously you can fill your reader in on general information he lacks, satisfy his curiosity about fine points, whisper delicious tidbits in his ear, and share with him an occasional small frolic." But banned are such standard and numbing footnote fare as *ed. cit., loc. cit., op. cit., idem* and *thid.*

Skeptics may argue that amending the footnote and throwing away some Latin abbreviations hardly amount to an effective attack on the problem of scholarly gobbledegook. Perhaps not, but Van Leunen's strictures may spur a few professors and scholars into reflection. The practice of footnoting every phrase or idea that does not fit into the text quickly becomes habit-forming.⁵ So do many of the tics that help make so much academic writing so impenetrable. Such habits should be broken.

For all the jokes about bad scholarly prose,⁶ the subject is not really funny. When citizens who are paid to think do not adequately share those thoughts with others, everyone loses. Scholars grow more isolated and the public more puzzled and hostile to their efforts. Discoveries in some fields, especially in the sciences, will always be too hermetic to become common knowledge overnight. But simple prose could clear up much misunderstanding. The task may be impossible; Van Leunen shows how it could be done.

— Paul Gray

An uncommon story of passion

She left one man, then another.
She lost one child to history, one to
complications.

Now she has to face something
even more painful than being alone—
the realization that she always was.

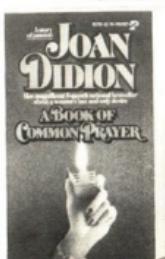
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POCKET BOOKS



³Note', for example, but definitely not Note', which, as noted above (in Note'), was a false note.

⁴One is reminded of a salacious anecdote, probably apocryphal, involving Sir Isaac Newton.

⁵Like eating a single peanut or potato chip.

⁶Claimed John Barrymore: "A footnote is like running downstairs to answer the doorbell during the first night of marriage."

Law



Rick and Susan Downer with their son and snapshots of three missing children

Moving to Stop Child Snatching

Is a federal law the answer?

Eighteen months ago, a California designer named Susan Downer received a chatty telephone call from her three children (ages eleven, six and four), who were visiting her divorced husband in Manhattan. It was the last time she ever heard from them. When Mrs. Downer drove to the Los Angeles airport to pick them up, they were not aboard their designated flight. Ex-Husband Seth Gerchberg, it later developed, had remarried, liquidated his assets, obtained a passport and disappeared with the children. Since then Mrs. Downer and her second husband have spent \$40,000 on a futile investigative legal odyssey that finally cost them their Pacific Palisades home and landed them on welfare. Increasingly disconsolate over having allowed the court-ordered Manhattan visit, Mrs. Downer now wonders: "Why was I so stupid as to obey the law?"

It is an understandable question. An estimated 25,000 to 100,000 child-snatching cases occur every year, and so the parent who observes court orders risks ending up the loser. In most states, kidnapping of children by one of their parents is not treated as a crime. Parents, even those denied custody in divorce arrangements, are exempted from the federal kidnap law. Lacking jurisdiction, the FBI almost never helps locate or return abducted offspring, even when state lines are crossed. Maybe, says Mrs. Downer, "I should tell them I've had three cars stolen, and their names are Joslyn, Heather and Terry." Says another victimized parent: "If my former husband stole a neighbor's cow,

the authorities would follow him to the end of the world. But they can't do a thing to help me find my girls."

The situation leads to disrespect for court orders and some spectacular snatches. After Pittsburgh Millionaire Seward Prosser Mellon and Wife Karen were divorced in 1974, a Pennsylvania court awarded custody of their two girls to Mellon. During a visit, however, their mother took the children to New York and later gained legal custody in a court there. Two years ago, three men employed by Mellon seized the two girls as they were on their way to a Brooklyn school, and the millionaire still has them.

Twenty states* have moved to stop nose thumbing at court orders by passing the Uniform Child Custody Jurisdiction Act, which generally promises respect for custody terms worked out in other states. That still leaves 30 states as potential havens for child snatchers, however, and the act does not provide a mechanism to track abductions across state lines. An obvious answer is federal standards, but lawmakers are reluctant to thrust Washington into family snags. Says U.S. Representative John Conyers of Michigan, whose House Judiciary subcommittee has buried several federal bills: "Whenever there is onerous conduct, everybody says there ought to be a law." Last week the influential American Bar Association House of Delegates solidly repudiated, 135 to 82, a resolution that would subject parental child snatchers to federal kidnap laws. Cried Washington, D.C., Attorney Lee Loewinger: "Do we really want to make loving parents into federal criminals?"

That may happen anyway. Last

*Alaska, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Wyoming

month Wyoming Senator Malcolm Wallop successfully tacked an antisnatching amendment on S.1437 before that bill overhauling the federal criminal code was approved by the U.S. Senate. It would require states to give "full faith and credit" to legitimate custodial orders from other states, make parental child snatching a misdemeanor, and provide for FBI child hunts after 60 days. The entire bill is now being considered by a House subcommittee, and many anguished parents hope for speedy passage. Says Pasadena, Calif., Psychologist Dr. Philip Weeks: "Child stealing is one of the most subtle and brutal forms of child abuse."

Briefs

SEX EDUCATION

Clovis, N. Mex., police picked up rumors last year that a frisky housewife had been entertaining juveniles at sex parties in her home. After an inquiry, a Curry County grand jury indicted Mrs. Ernestine Favela, 23, married, mother of two small children, on charges of contributing to the delinquency of a 15-year-old boy. But two weeks ago, a divided state appeals court threw out the indictment. Judge Ramon Lopez explained that delinquency was defined as conduct that would be criminal in an adult, and noted that New Mexico had eliminated criminal penalties for consensual sex between adults. Concurring, Judge Lewis Sutin called intercourse with a young boy "nothing more than sex education essential and necessary in his growth toward maturity and subsequent domestic family life." This was too much for the New Mexico Supreme Court. On its own motion, the state high court last week reversed the appeals court and reinstated Mrs. Favela's indictment. If convicted, she faces up to five years in prison plus a \$5,000 fine.

ALIMONY BLUES

Only two weeks after she was awarded \$160 a month in alimony in 1974, Mrs. Anna Northrup of Rochester, N.Y., began living openly with another man. In her new quarters, she shared a bedroom, cooked meals, did the wash and shared household expenses. Her former husband soon stopped the alimony, contending he was legally justified because she was "habitually living with another man and holding herself out as his wife," grounds for cutoff under state law. In a 5-to-2 decision last week, New York's highest court disagreed. The law provides a two-part test, the Court of Appeals majority held, and even though she lived with the other man, she had never suggested to anyone that they were married. Back alimony payments? Northrup's attorney said he had not heard from his client in years, and chances of any collection by Mrs. Northrup appear dubious at best.

Time Essay

To an Athlete Getting Old

In the last few rounds, those watching felt a growing and almost unreasonable pathos. It was an emotional force considerably larger than the spectacle—a heavyweight champion losing his title—might be expected to generate. The moment carried an accumulation of memories and meanings that are involved in the drama of great athletes aging and failing.

Even when performed amid the Naugahyde and flash of Las Vegas, sport can serve a kind of liturgical function. It becomes a parable: those few athletes who are gifted with a certain magic become proof of the splendors that the body can achieve—the feats of grace, strength, speed, skill, stamina. But the athlete's half-life is so short; his decline and failure become a model of the mortality in everyone.

Muhammad Ali has caused inflammations of metaphysical prose in a number of writers, perhaps the urge ought to be resisted. But sport and play can lend themselves to extravagance speculations, and Ali is one of the most abundantly complicated figures in the history of games. His career in boxing has of course been totally entangled with his celebrity—Ali may be the most famous man in the world. Since he took the heavyweight title from Sonny Liston in Miami Beach 14 years ago, "the Greatest" has been the protagonist of a vast popular psychodrama in which sport was only a part. But more vivid than his conversion to Islam, his anti-Viet Nam politics or his famous mouth is the memory of his sweet dancing vitality in the ring. That recollection played in the back of people's minds, almost in their subconscious, last week as they watched a 36-year-old man too tired and slow to hit the boy who was taking everything away from him.

Such a ritual transfer of the championship can touch deep, unarticulated feelings. If men dread death, they also look nervously behind them as they age to see what younger people are hurrying up to replace them, not only on the job but on the planet. The passing of champions can be cathartic; it is part of the large, primitive theatherics that sports perform.

There are relatively few athletes whose glories and declines seem to acquire an emotional importance. Quarterback Joe Namath, who retired several weeks ago after 13 years in pro football, is one. In his early years with the New York Jets, Namath's popular image had more to do with booze and stewardesses than football. His feats alone brought the upstart American Football League into parity with the National Football League. But like Ali, Namath's lasting imprint in memory involves certain splendidly perfect moves: his flickingly fast release of passes, his clairvoyant readings of defenses and where his receivers would be. Like Ali, Namath could be an arrogant gamesman: he preposterously predicted that his 17-point underdog Jets would beat the Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl—and they did, 16 to 7.

Arnold Palmer has not won a major tournament since 1964, and these days, at 48, he often fails to make the cut. But he goes on, playing 25 tournaments a year. Golfers can survive in competition longer than most professional athletes. Julius Boros, for example, first won the P.G.A. championship at 48. But as Palmer has admitt-



Palmer at the 1966 Open

ted, few men go on winning past 40, and Palmer's children are in college now. Despite the long stretches between displays of his old brilliance, a battalion of "Arnold's Army" remains, believing in him, a little like Lee's Confederates after Appomattox. What the army remembers are the things that made him the first man to turn golf into a truly popular spectator sport: his remarkable assaults upon a golf course, audacious physical attacks that swept his followers with him by the millions. Just this month he was the king of the clubhouse at the Bob Hope Desert Classic, surrounded by what the press tellingly described as "middle-aged groupies."

Age is not always an enemy. Experience can equip an athlete with a savvy to compensate for what he has lost in reflexes. As Ali said in demanding a rematch with Leon Spinks last week: "I may be old, but I'm not dumb." But in physical competition, an old pro's tricks can only postpone retirement.

What is the best time to retire? Jim Brown, the great running back of the Cleveland Browns, quit at the height of his powers, in 1966, before he began having to fight his age. By contrast, Willie Mays went on until he was 42 and found himself stumbling around under fly balls for the New York Mets. There is a natural season, a range of ages, for athletes in most sports. Russia's Olga Korbut, a gold medal gymnast in 1972 at the age of 17, appeared sadly middle-aged four years later. Rumania's Nadia Comaneci, whose gymnastic performance at the 1976 Olympics received perfect scores, seemed almost hefty a year later. Swimmers age more quickly than moths.

Sometimes, when beholding the contractual orgies that professionals indulge in, bidding their prices higher and higher as the years pass, it is possible to suspect that the whole professional sports business artificially prolongs athletes' careers, keeps them slogging along for huge sums of money long after their powers have faded. Occasionally that happens. But men and women in most sports do not even reach athletic maturity until they are well into their 20s, or even later. It was not until she had hit 31 that Virginia Wade won Wimbledom last year.

Housman's familiar poem tells of an athlete dying young: "Now you will not swell the rout/ Of lads that wore their honours out./ Runners whom renown outran/ And the name died before the man." Almost as powerful as the drama of athletes aging is that of the golden boy destroyed in his youth. It is the difference between, say, *Lear* and *Lycurus*. Hobey Baker, a masterpiece of athletic talent at Princeton in the years before World War I, died in 1918 when his plane crashed in France. After his graduation, Baker had said sadly: "I realize my life is finished ... I will never equal the excitement of playing on the football field."

Last year another Princeton man, Bill Bradley, retired after ten years with the New York Knicks. In his book *Life on the Run*, Bradley wrote of "the Faustian bargain" that the pro athlete makes: in return for glory, he must eventually "live all [his] days never able to recapture the feeling of those few years of intensified youth."

—Lance Morrow



Namath at the 1969 Super Bowl

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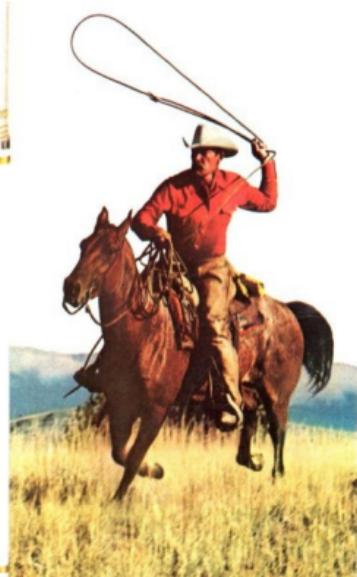
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